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MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

CHAPTER V.

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THE period of eighteen years which intervened from the incident in the Temple until His Baptism is marked by a gradual but important transition in the life of communion between the Mother and the Son.

Whilst conforming to the slowness of development common to human faculties Jesus increased in wisdom, in stature, and in grace before God and man, and thus arrived at the age when there was more natural equality between Him and His Mother; the Woman's mission toward the Child was finished, and, with regard to her He is now in the plenitude of perfect Manhood—the God-Man. Should He employ Himself in lowly offices, or by His humility and tenderness recall to her mind the Babe of Bethlehem, Mary feels no less obliged to annihilate herself in His Presence. St. Antoninus gives an admirable example of the contest between them in the following words: "Mary being about to prostrate herself, Jesus prevents her action by Himself bowing before her. 'O my God'—saith she—'how cometh it that Thou abasest Thyself before a woman?' and Jesus replieth: 'Permit

Me, My Mother, to fulfil the precept which commandeth that father and mother be honored.'"

When Jesus entered on His public ministry, it may well be believed that the sacred Mother would be fully prepared for all that would happen.

Union of purpose and of spirit had ever existed between the Mother and the Son, and as time proceeded would become more perfect. But the Mother no longer takes the initiative. Her office now is to follow and to serve. So completely does she efface herself in the Sacred Narrative, that she is not mentioned even in connection with the circumstances of her Son's Baptism.[1] She does not figure in connection with the genealogy in which she seemed to be the person most concerned. It is the Holy Spirit, and not filial obedience, who conducts her Son into the desert and brings Him back. She is content to be united with others in fasting and prayer and in serving Him: for when she wished to be near Him and to listen to His teaching, she, as a woman, could only appear veiled.

The language which Jesus now employs in addressing her is characteristic of the development of which we are speaking; Himself He calls the "Son of Man;" and to His Mother He gives the title of "Woman," because, according to His actual Mission, and in respect of Him she is the "Woman of Prophecy," "the Second Eve," "the Companion and Helpmate of Man," the "Perfect Woman."

During the first period of the life of Jesus, the sacred Mother in a certain limited manner enters into a participation of the life and functions of the Heavenly Father. She is His well-beloved daughter, in all things doing His will. By a priority of time she

[1] There can hardly be any doubt that our Lady was at all times spiritually if not actually present at her Son's ministrations, whenever she desired it; or at least, by interior vision she witnessed whatever of special importance took place; *e. g.*, the Temptation in the Desert, and the Agony in the Garden. Even with regard to ourselves there is a mystic communication through prayer which is very real: and in our Lady's case there was nothing to hinder vision of the highest order, since her life had been spent in the Presence of the Unseen, and the Spirit of Vision and of Prophecy would fill her soul at all times with the blessed sight of her Son's Sacred Humanity, and there could on this account be no need for a special revelation with regard to the actions of the One who could never be absent from her.

precedes Jesus, as the Eternal Father does by priority of origin. Her virginal fecundity and her divine maternity she receives from the original Source of paternity, giving a created birth to the Son of God. His life she sustains and nourishes, and in all things she exercises over Him the reflection of the Eternal Authority which the Father possesses over the Son.

During the second period of the life of Jesus, she appears to represent the mystery of the divine filiation. As daughter of God she loves to mix up herself with those whom Jesus disdains not to call His brethren. She claims no more than the office of a sister, so as to show that this God who has made Himself to be her Son is, in very deed, her Father before all ages. It is true that at Cana she takes the initiative; but it is not difficult to perceive that in order to obtain from Him His first miracle, the only authority Mary exercises is that of humble, confiding affection. She insinuates rather than commands; and if indeed for Him her wishes are commands it is because the more she humbles herself before Him the more Jesus is desirous to restore the balance in order to reëstablish between them a sort of equality of honor. Our Lady appears therefore to be effaced in the brilliant light of her Son's Divinity; but when He gives His life for the world, His Mother stands at the foot of the Cross to receive and to transmit the divine adoptions.

I.—Sanctification of Marriage.

It is at the marriage feast of Cana that the Blessed Virgin first appears before us during the public life of Jesus. It belonged to the Woman—to the second Eve—to have care for the Christian family; and in this department Eternal Wisdom was pleased to leave the initiative to her.

Henceforward, marriage would be as pure a thing as the sacred waters of Baptism; instead of the muddy stream stirred up by the waves of natural emotion, its waters should flow transparently and evenly in the sunshine of sacramental consolation and spiritual joy; they should sparkle in such a manner as to quicken the virgin spirit, as well as that of chastity and holy love. (Eccles. 24: 24.)

Mary thus invites her Divine Son to commence His ministry,

and even His miracles, by the sanctification of marriage. In her sight the whole universe was the bride of Jesus, and all the children of the human race belonged to Him and to her. To her, this Sacrament of Christ and the Church was a great sacramental mystery. Without her, the nuptials of Cana would, like others, have been but an unworthy image of the Eternal Espousals of the Lamb; and this we are given to understand when, from the beginning, the wine failed them. A picture this of Nature, always so full of confidence in her own resources; offering us social ties; inviting guests to her feasts, supplying them at first with her best wine, yet ending with nothing to give but the waters of confusion. Let Mary but come and take her place with us at the banquet of life; let her come accompanied by her Son in order to bless and sanctify by His presence the joys and solemnities of these our mutual relations, and then the whole of life becomes a nuptial feast of nature and of grace. Nor need we fear confusion at its close, for then—even the waters of affliction will be changed into the wine of eternal consolation.

2.—Incident of the Marriage Feast.

Jesus knew what was wanting in the whole world and in that moment, more particularly, in Cana. But He willed, for some divine purpose, to appear to ignore it until His Mother should remind Him of it. At first sight His reply to her insinuation might seem harsh; but as this by no possibility could be the case, we must look below the surface for an explanation.

Our Lord as well as our Lady knew the difficulty. From the beginning He had known how it would be, and our Blessed Lady was not ignorant of this fact. He determined also what under fitting circumstances He would do; but to have done what He did unrequested, would have been as unbecoming to His position as an invited guest, as it would have been unbefitting His divine dignity. Consequently, had not His Mother in her womanly capacity and position in the family interposed He must have passed by the occasion. She, however, being His Mother, and as such, modestly, and in the form of a suggestion, makes the request, and at once the obstacle disappears. On account, therefore, of its being premature, the miracle which ensued was done privately,

so that, as far as the guests were concerned, Jesus remained still unrevealed like the source of the good wine.

The whole incident in its simplicity brings to light not only the beauty of Mary's character, and her oneness of spirit with her divine Son, but also her unending office as Mediatrix: for it was not as her Son, but as her God that she appealed to Jesus. We are also taught hereby that nothing is too hard for Mary to obtain for us, simply because she knows how to ask for it: and nothing we may not hope to obtain of God through Jesus Christ, if we present our petitions with the same sentiments of humility, patience, and loving faith as she did.

Certain of having understood the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Mary turns toward the servants and gives her directions: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." These words, in their simple authority, resemble those of the Heavenly Father as recorded in the Gospel: "This is My beloved Son, hear ye Him." (St. Luke 1 : 35.) This is the whole summary of Christian doctrine. The only advice given to the world by the Queen of Prophets and of Apostles is, not that it should examine, contemplate, or talk about the Truth; but that it should live in obedience to the Word of God. And such is the law which Mary formulates over the cradle of society. Wherever Christian society conforms to it, there a record is found in a manifestation of the infinite Power of the God of Love and of Truth: so that generation after generation become like vases into which each respective age pours in to the brim the waters of its tribulations, which by His blessing give out again the wine of most excellent virtues; and thus a store of holy ebrieties is laid up for the Marriage Feast of the Lamb.

3.—Mary's Last Recorded Words.

From this time forward the sacred Mother appears to have nothing more to say. Her work now is to teach us by her example how God ought to be listened to and His word obeyed. From certain passages in the Gospel narrative we learn incidentally that she follows Him everywhere, assisting at His teaching and providing for His necessities.

Naturally she moves at the head of the holy women who

follow Jesus for this purpose out of Galilee. On two occasions she is mentioned in order to draw attention to the Lord's reply, in which He points her out as the model of all virtues, through her self-sacrificing obedience; and that she is to be held in benediction, not so much on account of her having borne and suckled Him, as because she listens and obeys: seeking not herself, but the loving Will which proceeds from the Father and the Son. Indeed it is more; for it is by her absolute oneness with that divine Will that she has gained for herself the unexampled title of Mother of God and merited for others the use of this glorious appellation.

4.—Steps of Approach to the Divine Union.

Our next move must be to enter into the active portion of our Lord's life—His Ministry—with Mary in attendance. The Man and the Woman are to meet and to vanquish the enemy together, and to leave a track behind them, which, to the end of time, is to be the highway of perfection to all generations of men and women. Mary is not a mere looker-on; she is more than even a disciple; and this we must bear steadily in mind. She is the co-worker with Him. She is, with regard to Him, the helpmate in all things befitting the woman's vocation. The woman naturally shares the sufferings of the man; and if the sacrifice of Jesus be a divine one, owing to His Personality, it is also a human one, and she is to share the suffering of it in her woman's capacity.

But His teaching, although equally divine, is conveyed through human means, and will not she in some way be a sharer in the labor? What may we presume to conjecture, since we know that the divine acts of her Son do not lie upon the level of the woman's sphere?

The hidden life of our Lady, when following the footsteps of her divine Son during His Ministry, is more strikingly ineffable than that of the thirty years in Nazareth. As this phase of the hidden life of Mary is closely connected with our subject, it must be carefully considered in this place.

Externally, Mary appears as the Valiant Woman armed with a devotedness and a courage exceeding far that of ordinary womankind. We see in her the sacred Widow, prepared to pour

out upon all who suffer the wealth of a boundless compassion. Duty and charity alike call her away from her solitude of tears, to pass through the world with the modesty of the virgin, although with the authority of the matron.

But what we see externally is only the outcome of the Spirit's depths within her, and it is not on the surface that we must take our humble measure of that ineffable union with her Son as God which was the fundamental, effective cause of our Blessed Lady's coöperation in the work of reconciliation and restoration to communion of the whole of human kind.

Our Lady is the model of the perfection assigned to the human race, as she is now by the side of Jesus, practising daily and hourly all the graces of her womanhood, and reflecting Him and His teaching in all her actions, thoughts, and aspirations. This is what may be called the mystic, effective, dual-action which accompanies the teaching of her divine Son and Lord; unacknowledged because unperceived externally, but none the less an active agent in the spiritual harmonies which our Lord's teaching was giving out on all sides. It was, if we may so express it, the Great Antiphon which responded to our Lord's divine words, and, as He spake, echoed in His Sacred Heart as the voice of the Church in all ages.

We will then, for a few moments, turn our thoughts to this subject of divine union, and with the help of the masters of the Contemplative Life, trace in some faint degree the outlines of that ineffable union which took place between the Man and the Woman when God made Himself Son of a Woman, and thus prepared the way for Himself to the closest of unions with the whole human race.

Let us cast a glance at what may be called three degrees of approach to divine union as recorded to have been the experience of saints, bearing in mind that we can get only a partial glimpse of the union to which, by her relations with the Blessed Trinity and her Immaculate Conception, Mary possessed from the very beginning of her existence.

In Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*[2] we find the following descrip-

[2] Page 311.

tion of a soul which is approaching to a state of divine union, after long exercise of mortification and humility:

"The soul is at length made one and whole in itself. It is master of the body, and the body is nothing but an instrument and mouthpiece of the soul, through which the soul soundeth the sweet notes of spiritual prayer to Jesus.

"Sometimes grace putteth vocal prayers to silence and stirreth up the soul to feel Jesus in another manner; and this manner is to see Jesus in the Holy Scriptures. For Jesus who is all Truth is hidden and concealed therein, folded up as it were and concealed in fair words. So that He cannot be known nor felt but by a clean heart. It seeth the truth of Holy Scripture wonderfully unfolded and explained in a manner far beyond the reach of study or industry and the reason of man's natural wit.[3]—The Lover of Jesus is His friend, not because he deserveth to be so, but because Jesus in His merciful goodness maketh him to be His friend, by causing him to be in true accord with Himself; and therefore to him doth He show His secrets as to a true friend who pleaseth Him by his love; and thus He saith to His Apostles, 'I have called you friends because all things I have heard I have made known unto you.'[4]—The secret voice of Jesus is wholly true and it maketh the soul true; there is no deceit in it, no fancy, no pride, no hypocrisy, but it is gentleness, humility, peace, love, and grace. And therefore when it soundeth in a soul, it is sometimes of such power that the soul layeth aside all that it hath in hand—that is, all sorts of bodily occupations—and hearkeneth thereto completely; hearing and perceiving in rest and love the sweetness of His voice, and ravished, as it were, above the reach of earthly things."

St. John of the Cross, discoursing on the stability of the soul that attains to a high degree of approach to the divine union, in his fourth Canticle of *La vive Flamme d'Amour*,[5] says:

"When a soul is eminently perfect, and becomes, so to speak, selfless as far as the human spirit is concerned, God Himself treats her with a tenderness equal to His Might, so that the soul receives strength in proportion to the greatness of such communications. When this is the case God can reign in her absolutely. He can unite

[3] *Ibid.*, page 320.

[4] *Ibid.*, page 325.

[5] Œuvres de St. Jean de la Croix, p. 391, traduites par le P. Maillard, S.J. Ed. 1864.

Himself with her more closely; creatures have no hold upon her; the demon cannot enter into her, and the human spirit cannot take part in her. O happy Soul, which is conscious that God reposes in her bosom! A perfect soul is so possessed by the divine Spouse that she knows He alone acts in her with all sweetness imaginable."

In the concluding pages of the *Life of Blessed Henry Suso*[6] the soul's union with God, as perfectly as it can be attained in this life, through mortification, prayer, and contemplation, is thus described:

"Here it is that the Spirit, parting with everything of nature which had clung to it, presses further in and arrives at spiritual perfection. The sublimest wealth of the spirit in its own proper form consists in this: that being now freed from the weight of sin, it soars upwards in the might of God into its divinely illuminated reason, where it enjoys a perpetual influx of heavenly consolations. It can now behold the secret relations of things and interpret them according to reason with true discrimination, and it is duly set free from bondage *by the Son, in the Son.* It still, however, continues to view things in their outflow from God, and to contemplate them as existing each one in its proper nature. This may be called the transport of the spirit, for it is now lifted up above time and space; and has passed away by interior loving contemplation into God.

"The entry of the spirit into God strips it of all images, forms and multiplicity, and it loses consciousness of itself and becomes merged with the Three Persons in the abyss of their indwelling simplicity, and enjoys there its truest and highest bliss.

"In this merging of itself in God the spirit passeth away . . . but it is still all endowed with grace. It remains the something which has been created out of nothing and continues to be this everlastingly."

Let us now turn to the beautiful and transcendental picture of the divine union as our Blessed Lady possessed it. The extract is taken from the book of Blosius on *Spiritual Instruction.*[7] The chapter is headed "Of the Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, the Mirror and Example of all Holiness," and is drawn from the

[6] A life written by himself, translated by T. F. Knox, Priest of the Oratory. *Cf.* page 316.

[7] Translated by the Rev. Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. Pp. 136 *et seq.*

works of John Tauler, of the Order of St. Dominic, who was known as the Illuminated Doctor.

"The Most Blessed Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, is truly full of grace and of all virtues, the mirror and example of all holiness. For as long as she remained in this life she had such a perfect love of God and entered and dwelt so entirely in the inner sanctuary of her own soul, that she loved absolutely no created thing apart from and except in God. Her love of Him was entire and undivided, and in Him she loved all created things.

She habitually, therefore, retreated with all her powers into the inner sanctuary of her soul, in which the divine Image lay hid, and there she abode, drawing all her powers into it, and obliging them to remain there, and adoring there the one only God in spirit and in truth.

She knew and she confessed that she was not able to praise God worthily; and therefore she begged Him to praise and magnify Himself in her. . . . The interior essence of her soul, and all her powers—memory, intellect and will—were all godlike, so that if any one had seen her soul, he would have seen there God in all His brightness, that is, in the very procession of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

Never once did her heart turn aside from God, even for one single moment. In perfect poverty of spirit she resigned herself completely to the most gracious Will of God: with love presenting herself to Him as a most fitting instrument to do all He pleased. Moreover, she offered herself to God constantly, with profound humility and contempt of self; completely free from any tincture of self-seeking in desire, will or action. In fact there was no more self-seeking in her soul than there was before she was created, and therefore God had always a perfectly free entrance into it.

When, therefore, she directed her mind to eternity, her soul was at once carried away into divine contemplation above all understanding, and thus contemplation in the inmost essence of her soul was manifested by all her powers. For her memory, drawn into simple light, was firmly established in unity of spirit above all mere passing things of sense. Her intellect was penetrated by a most brilliant heavenly light, by which she easily

learnt, knew and understood distinctly all virtues, all kinds of spiritual exercises and all the hidden meanings of Scripture. Her will burnt with a most devout flame of calm love by which she was rapt above all created things.

Made one with Light itself, she saw Light in Light; she experienced a foretaste of the future Beatitude, and loved God with eternal, inseparable love. In this kind of contemplation all created gifts, virtues and exercises were necessarily kept in subjection, for she was transfigured by the divine Light above all reasoning and intellect.

And who can tell how many revelations of heavenly secrets the illustrious Virgin—so wonderfully rapt above all things of place and time—received from God? She saw with unspeakable joy and delight the shining brightness of God, and the ideal of all things as they are beheld in Eternity. In fact, if all the joys of the world, all delights and pleasures, were gathered into one, they would appear mere bitterness compared with the least joy that the Blessed Virgin possessed.

Besides all this, the most excellent Virgin had another peculiar grace. Although so highly gifted with divine contemplation, she was, more than any other holy person, able to see all the things of this world, and to keep in order and govern her whole outer life with holy actions and conduct, without its being any hindrance to the perfection of her interior life of union with God.

For the highest powers of her soul were habitually turned completely to God, their Origin, and were united to Him, while the lower powers were entirely subjected to the higher, as was the case with Adam before he lost his justice and innocence. This singular spiritual adornment came from the fact that she was entirely free from original sin—from which her Son preserved her. Never for one instant of time was she a child of wrath or a foul vessel of the devil, subject to his dominion, as is the case with us. For this the Eternal Wisdom prevented, not being willing to allow His own Temple, chosen before all others, to be stained by the least defect.

Therefore, when rapt even in highest possible contemplation of the Godhead, she always attended to the outward praises of God and all that belongs to the divine worship with utmost zeal, intense devotion and profound humility of heart.

She always listened with the greatest devotion to the Word of God, though announced in the simplest manner, and, although she herself understood God's teaching so much more perfectly than those who spoke, she pondered on what was said in her virginal heart, desiring intensely to carry into practice the least things as well as the highest.

When she reflected how the Son of God and her own Son, Jesus Christ, always exposed to contempt and suffering, ordered and directed her whole life with a view to afflictions and self-humiliations, she so offered herself for these same things that she never desired to shorten or lessen them; she endured even the bitterest trials with such loving subjection that she was prepared to remain in tribulations for ever if God had so willed. Knowing that her Son bore His bitter Passion with absolute patience, not only without complaint, but with joy of spirit, on account of His burning love for us, she also gladly endured whatever she had to suffer with an ardent desire of love.

In her prayer she offered herself and all she had to God and commended all unto His loving Hands, praying only that He would do His most perfect Will in her. Never did she cleave to any gift of God with self-love, nor did she ever use the divine graces for the delight of her own spirit, but only for the praise of God. Never did she inordinately desire any wisdom or knowledge; nor did she in the practice of virtue ever seek any self-gratification, any more than she sought any pleasure in eating or drinking.

So pure was her soul that she was never affected by anything created in any way the least inordinate; never did she feel the slightest inclination to any vice, and in this way her purity shone with the brightness of the angels. Therefore, although the most beautiful of the children of men, she inspired all with none but the holiest thoughts, on account of her own angelical purity.

All her actions, even the least, she did with wonderful devotion to the honor of the Almighty God. The beginning and end of everything she did or omitted was God Himself, for her intention in everything was so purely for God that it might be called divine.

When she rested in sleep troops of angels encamped about her couch, that no evil spirit might dare approach; therefore she

was never troubled by any vain phantom or dream, and no imagination came except what was the result of the light shining from God, for the most Blessed Trinity always and everywhere protected her.

Nor did the most pure Virgin ever compose herself to rest without offering her sleep with ardent desires of love to the honor of God."

The above luminous but simple exposition enables us to realize somewhat our Blessed Lady's life of divine union, resting upon grounds which raise it infinitely above that of the greatest saints. Her perfection in the natural order results in the complete submission of natural gifts to the natural attractions of grace; and these again, finding no impediment in the human physical agent, nor any inherent darkness in the soul, act freely as God wills, and thus the union of created with the uncreated Will of God becomes complete. This union of will being the chiefest step to the divine influx, and in itself the reflux of divine love in the soul, all that is here declared of our Lady follows as a matter of course. There are no two attractions in Mary. God Himself is within her. In the words of the Psalmist: "The streams of the river make the city of God joyful; the Most High hath sanctified His own tabernacle—God is in the midst thereof, it shall not be moved—God will help it in the morning early."[8]

II.—The Holy Eucharist and the Divine Mystery of Union Considered.

The intimate union of the soul of Mary with that of her divine Son is the forecast of that communion which is to be rooted on His union with human nature through His having taken her flesh and blood to be His own. Thus human flesh and human blood have been assumed by His Divinity. All that remains to be done is that the divine union with mankind, so perfectly mirrored in Mary, should be consummated by the Mystery of Communion in His own divine Flesh and Blood, in order that His Church may become united to and made perfect in Him.

[9] Ps. 14 : 4.

This Sacramental Mystery, in fact, is the true foundation of the mystery of the divine union which existed between Jesus and Mary. This latter grows out of the former: Mary's greatness is veiled throughout, because a yet greater is hidden in it. Mary was not a stranger to this, for everything that regarded the mystery of the Incarnation was known to her as to no one else. She perfectly understood the nature of His discourses concerning the Kingdom, and that the mystery of the Kingdom would be the greatest Sacrament of all because it would include all. To her soul would be revealed its glories, and she would know how intimately with herself they were connected, and that her life was hidden in them as completely as their life was hidden in hers. She knew that having offered her life and her life's blood to give birth to the Immaculate Lamb, so His Life, and His Heart's Blood, would be given to give birth to the Bride. If our Lord thirsted for the consummation of this great Mystery, would not Mary also thirst for it? If Jesus were a hidden God, would not Mary be still more hidden because hidden in Him?

It is the opinion of certain writers, and amongst others of Pope Benedict XIII, that we are indebted to the Blessed Virgin for the gift of the Blessed Sacrament, since, it having been established by God that we should be indebted to His Mother even for Jesus Himself, the Holy Eucharist in this matter would be no exception. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the love Jesus has for His Mother equals, if it does not exceed, His love for all the rest of His family put together; and if He would not leave His disciples comfortless, much less could He fail to bestow Himself on her in every possible way consistent with His glory and the work in which she was to have so intimate a share. Was it not she who had lived in, for, and by Him from the first moment of her existence, and who was about to sacrifice even Him, her all-in-all, for the consolation of the whole world?

It is recorded of our Lady, that during her life on earth after the Ascension of our Lord she communicated daily; and the tradition goes on to say that the Sacred Species remained uncorrupt in her bosom from Communion to Communion. We may well believe that she would be in some way favored by her Divine Son's Eucharistic Presence beyond all others, and, although she

could never for a moment be deprived of His divine affluence, that it would be her desire to live as close to that ineffable Presence as He would permit. It is almost impossible for the contemplative mind to realize any other condition of things between Jesus and His Mother; and so in this way we may best approach the subject of that Communion of Saints which was begun in her person and was about to be continued in it. For whilst she lived she was the personification of the Church through all ages—the Church which was then in its infancy—and in her own person received the influx of the Sacred Humanity as a pledge of His love for that Bride to whom, until the end of time, she was to be the spiritual Mother.

III.—Mary's Union with Jesus in the Sacrifice of the Cross.

Perfect as had been the union of Mary with the Divine Word from the beginning of her existence, and incomparable as was her union with Him as the Incarnate God, there was yet a climax to be attained in the consummation of the great Sacrifice, which, by the adorable Will of the Eternal Father, it was appointed for both to accomplish. There was still remaining the bond of union in suffering to be borne together as the one perfect holocaust of human nature to the justice of God.

In contemplating the Mystery of the Cross, the share our Blessed Lady was bound to take in it is a point of importance; for it lies at the root of the Church's doctrine regarding satisfaction for sin. Heresy has done its best to make away with the necessity for personal satisfaction, by a specious assumption that the divine nature of the Sacrifice on the Cross did away with all need for penance on the part of man; and so it has continued to blind man to the most essential portion of his own work for obtaining redemption and pardon through the Precious Blood.

When we contemplate the sublime attitude of our Lady and the part she took unhesitatingly in the Passion of her Divine Son, we must surely perceive that her presence was not the result of accident, of mere greatness of soul, or of excess of maternal affection. Like all the rest of her life, it was a part of the sacred work of condign satisfaction. Our Lord, although a Person of the God-

head, died as man; some redemption and satisfaction had to be the work of man. In His own divine nature God could not pay a debt to God; but God in the nature of man could do so.

Again we must bear in mind that Jesus represents Adam, and that Mary represents Eve. They are the Man and the Woman foreordained—promised to Adam and Eve to crush the head of their deadly foe. Eve had brought death to the man Adam, and to all his posterity under the fatal tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Now we see Mary under the tree of the Cross—giving back—may we not say?—Life and Redemption, by the sacrifice of her own Son, of Him who is the Son of God Himself.

Mary, then, in order to fulfil all justice, is accepting no more than the law requires of her, and this she knows. Until now, her union with her Son has been one of ineffable tenderness; a divine influx and reflux which has brought its own inestimable peace to her soul. But by her union with the Holy Ghost, and the Power of His overshadowing presence; by the Personal indwelling of that Wisdom which united her to the Eternal Son; by the unceasing interchange of filial love which united her to the Eternal Father, she has, all her life long, been preparing herself for the greatest of all unions expected of her: the union with Jesus dying and dead upon the Cross, in expiation of the sins of the world.

This consummation of the union between Jesus and His Mother is the beginning of her mystical and most perfect union with mankind. Both Jesus and Mary had received human flesh and blood for the very purpose of the great Sacrifice of expiation. What He suffers, therefore, in His Passion, she must suffer also in her compassion.

Now as she who from the Cross was made the Mother of the New Creation of the redeemed, has also—by the eternal Will of the Father—been constituted the High Priestess of the Sacrifice, by the side of the High Priest who has offered Himself up—the innocent for the guilty—so also must her children be prepared to suffer in order that each may take her own share of the sufferings of the Cross; this must they do as a penance for themselves, and perhaps even for others, uniting themselves and all they love to Him, and through Him to her whom the Church proclaims the

"Cause of our joy," which title, in the first place, was ascribed by St. Paul to Jesus in these words: Being consummated He became to all that obey Him the "Cause of Salvation." (Heb. 5 : 9.)

Many Saints have thought that our Lord, having prepared His disciples for the approaching Sacrifice of Himself, chose this moment to take a solemn leave of His Mother, declaring to her that His hour was come, and at the same time asking her permission; for, if the consent of Mary had been necessary for the Incarnation, it would seem likewise necessary for the mystery of the Passion; and if the Word of God could not, without the consent of Mary, take to Himself a Body from her blood, He would give the same Body to suffering and death without the consent of her who had given it to Him.

And now, like all who have a great mission to fulfil and are faithful to it, Mary silences her tenderness. Before men and angels, and even in the sight of God, she is to appear as the Valiant Woman, taking by the side of her divine Son the magnificent position of Priestess at the Sacrifice. His hour and hers are the same. Prepared, as the Handmaid of the Lord, she has ever been, therefore, in granting the consent required she accepts unreservedly the chalice of bitterness prepared for her; the dolor of all dolors — the agony and ignominious death of her only Beloved, of her Son and God's.

At the appointed time, the Feast of the Passover approaching, our Lady, in company with the other holy women, follows our Lord's footsteps in the train of pilgrims from Galilee to Jerusalem. With them, in a room adjoining the Cenacle, she keeps the Feast, and has the ineffable consolation of receiving Eucharistic Communion at the Last Supper of Jesus. This solemnity being concluded, she returns to her solitary chamber in Jerusalem, whilst our Lord, accompanied by the eleven Apostles, enters into the Garden of Gethsemani. Of the fearful scenes which follow nothing is hidden from her, seeing that in the divine union which belongs to her she habitually follows His steps; she therefore witnesses inwardly, if not visibly, all that occurs in the Garden, and suffers with Him by her power of compassion the

same agony of soul. She experiences the same fear, the same horror, the same sadness, the same oppression, bitterness and anguish. Jesus is bathed in a sweat of blood, the while she feels the chilling sense of a sweat bathing her whole body. As He prays, so she prays; concluding her prayer as He did: "Father, remove this cup. Nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done."

IV.—Mary's Union With Jesus in His Dereliction and Death.

We now come to the central point of the history of Mankind: the point to which, from its commencement, all the shadows of the material world—and, since the creation of man, all the types of the spiritual world—have been directed. It is in fact the central object of creation, since it is the consummation of the great union of reconciliation between the Creator and the creature; the point from which the Life which will annihilate death is to radiate, together with the light which is to chase away all darkness from the spiritual world of man's existence. It is to be the magnet, which, so long as time lasts, will draw to itself the souls predestined to shine forever in the firmament of heaven.

And now let us bear in mind what we have learned of the divine union which exists between the souls of Jesus and Mary: that she, having had a real efficacious part assigned her in the Birth of the Redeemer, must inevitably have the same real efficacious part in the object of his Passion and Death.

In order to this, she must indeed be all and even more than all that it is in our power to conceive. Hers must be a greatness of soul without stoicism; a fortitude without loss of the delicate sensitiveness of woman's being; an understanding without confusion; an intense, because a true, sense of the degradation which sin has brought upon mankind, without any horror of the sinners who are taking part in this act of deicide. Hers must be a love of God surpassing that of all men put together, with a patience, a pity, a yearning for the souls He loves, and whom to save He is dying. Her whole being is concentrated on the suffering Son of God. Although He is her Son, it is rather because He is her God that the sword pierces inwardly in her most selfless heart. She had prayed for the redemption of her people when the Saviour

was sent to her in answer to her prayer, and now He is there dying before her eyes. Still prays she; but it is a prayer of silence; a prayer of union in suffering obedience: she prays with Him—in Him. Her heart beats with His; her soul suffers with His; in His desolation, she herself feels the divine desolation; and her silent, patient agony goes up to the Eternal Father with the terrible cry of her Son: "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthane*—My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Would Jesus feel all this, and Mary feel anything else? Ah, no! her senses are absorbed in the mystical union which is now complete.

Mary is indeed woman; but her womanhood is perfect. Oh, let every true soul beware of attributing to her a single thought that is merely womanish. She knew where she was and why she was there; the perfection of her bodily organs forbade any weakness of the senses; her sorrow could not degenerate into puerilities; her agony could in no wise affect her sensitive nervous system; her glorious soul was mistress both of itself and of her body: therefore she — *stood* — stood beneath the Cross—transfixed; Mother of the dying God; dying mystically with Him—the living Martyr of Compassion.

Jesus dies. "*Consummatum est.*" The Sacrifice is over; the world is redeemed—is saved.

And now all the Mother in her asserts her rights. What is life to her without Jesus? Her heart is broken; but He lives in her still, though the life she gave Him is gone. But how to realize it all? She knows all this will come to an end and that He will rise again; but now—He is dead—dead upon that Cross. They take Him down and lay Him in her arms. And for the first time, as she will remain to the end of time, she is the Mother of Dolors, Queen of the sorrowful, as she has been the Queen of Sorrows.

Her legacy from the Cross begins already, and in proportion to the depth of her affliction, her soul mounts upward: for as her tears rain down upon the mangled Body of her Son, she embraces in her soul all the afflictions of womankind, and presents them to the Eternal Father. The Sorrows of Maternity, which Eve brought upon woman, are thus the first to engross her heart, in

this culminating sorrow of womankind—and what woman ever suffered as she did, for the sin of woman? All this suffering Mary offers for them, in which consists the first act of mystic union between the immaculate soul of Mary and the souls of her children whom Jesus had given her from the Cross. How often, through those awful hours, had she not offered Him, with herself, to the Heavenly Father; and now—all marred and stricken, all His sweet Limbs disjointed, His beautiful Face disfigured, covered with blood and bruises, His Head pierced through with the cruel thorns—her offering is accepted.

But not for herself; for her Son she weeps. "My Son, my Son." It is her Son now. Divinity in Him is veiled, and His soul is far away, and in the depth of her Mother's heart she cries, "My Son, my Son." Still in all her overwhelming grief the holy Mother is silent:—her work is to do the last offices for her dead Son: to wash away those stains; to smoothe those Limbs; to anoint the Sacred Body and to wrap It up. Mournfully, recollectedly calmly but heartbroken, she gives Him back to Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. She stands by, watching as He is laid in the sepulchre. All then is over, and she is alone.

V.—In Limbo With Jesus.

One of the mysteries of the spiritual kingdom consists in the power of attraction which one soul possesses over another. It is a divine gift, which like all the rest has been misused. Nevertheless, its source lies in the soul's inborn desire to unite herself to something more perfect or more lovely than herself. This is part of the nature of things, for the soul's true attraction—being formed in the image of God, though fallen—is God alone.

In proportion to the purity of a soul, is the intensity of her desire to respond to the divine attraction. "*Trahe me: voca me*," almost unconsciously she whispers, even while the Voice of Jesus is calling, and the Heart of Jesus is drawing her to Himself.

When contemplative saints have been raised in ecstasy or rapture, it is that the soul has soared—independently of the laws of human life—out of the body, drawing with itself the body upward; the force of divine attraction overcoming that of the natural law of gravitation. This is an approach to the divine

union, and is an outward sign of it. Apparently, the soul is passive, remaining unimpeded by the presence of the body, so that God acts upon such a soul directly, as we read in St. Teresa's life and others. Now we are taught by the Church, that whatever grace has been accorded to the saints was the natural endowment of our Blessed Lady. The divine attraction had completed its work in her through the perfection of the divine union in her, when she gave her consent to the Incarnation of the Son of God in her own person. The union between Mary's soul and the soul of Jesus was so complete as to forbid any forced separation either in life or in death. For as the Godhead of Jesus was never separated from either His Body or His Soul, by the separation of His Soul from His Body, so we may believe that the soul of the Mother could at will follow that of her Son after death as it did in life.

It cannot then be straining a point of imagination to say as St. Paul has expressed it of his own rapture:—"Whether in the body or out of the body we cannot tell," that it would be a part of her vocation as Eve's Advocate to follow Him into Limbo, and to take a part in that blissful scene with Him; and that thus would that mission of hers be inaugurated, which was about to begin toward the suffering souls in purgatory.

VI.—Her Apostolate Amongst the Apostles.

At the moment of the sepulture of Jesus the entire Church of the Redeemed was mystically founded; but, as St. Bonaventure remarks, the faith of the Universal Church was founded alone in the Mother of the Lord.

This is a wonderful reflection; but it is not more wonderful than that which gives occasion to it, namely, the abyss itself of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Wisdom contained in the Heart of Immaculate Mary. The Apostles were as yet but babes in the Faith. Not one of them was excepted from our Lord's reproach of incredulity. Mary alone, unmoved, had been the Rock in the midst of the surging waters. As yet the Faith had been but in part revealed in them, but to her it was all known. The Kingdom of Heaven, which to them was no more than a beautiful parable, was already her own kingdom; and He who is her Son, was the King of it.

And now He comes to welcome her right royally as victor with Him, and to repay her for all she has suffered. As she wakes from her ecstatic slumber, it is to behold Him present before her eyes in all His risen beauty—the Conqueror of Death. In humble adoration she falls at His Feet, but He tenderly raises her: He calls her "Mother" and she needs no more.

Our Blessed Lord had taught her a whole language of love by which the Body she had given to Him represented another Body, and other Members, which He desired in a special manner also to owe her. She sees it all now, in the risen Flesh of Jesus; that glorified Body in which mercy had regulated our account and inscribed our names in letters of gold. She reads the mystic meaning of the scars in His Feet and Hands: and that, whereas the side of Adam was closed up after having given a fragile life to the woman, the adorable Heart of Jesus will remain forever open, pouring forth the treasures of the inexhaustible life, which it would be her privilege to gather up and to pour out again over the members of His mystical Body, the Bride, His Church.

Our Lord is about to leave His Church in the safekeeping of the Apostles—as in the person of St. John He has already given the guardianship of His Mother. Our Lady will certainly hold a special commission amongst them, but it will not be that of St. Peter; his, so to speak, is the apostolate of the man; hers, that of the woman. He, as the Vicar of Christ, will teach divine truth to the whole world. She, as the Mother of Jesus, will speak to the heart of the world. For this reason St. John had been chosen as her associate, and thus in the apostolate which to the end of time would be her special vocation, the Eagle and the Dove are united. It is the apostolate reclining upon the Bosom of Jesus that specially belongs to Mary. It embraces the life which she leads herself, and which more than all others she desires to transmit to her children. It was for this life that St. John himself was predestined, and his heart had been so formed as to be in harmony with that of Mary. Truly, the milk of divine charity which fills to overflowing the heart of the Virgin Mother is the nourishment of all others which is wanted by the heart of the loving and beloved Disciple.

Our Lady—as would naturally fall to the office of the woman

—had materially and effectively plenty of work to do during the infancy of the Church. The entire range of her Motherly and Queenly Influence can never be circumscribed by us who understand so little of the mystical ways of Divine Providence; and over all that concerned our Lady's personality and activities at this period, a significant veil has been drawn. Yet her character and her ways, however much they be invested with a divine simplicity, were always majestic. Moreover, it was becoming that, being what she was, her activities should be shrouded in the majesty of silence: her glory did not depend upon the recital of things which pass.

Among the veils which hide our Lady from the vulgar gaze, the veil of which St. Paul speaks must above all others be included: the invisible sanctuary, that is, into which, by His Ascension Jesus had entered. For Mary—seeking those things which are above where her beloved Son is sitting at the Right Hand of God the Father, and having no taste for the things which are below—is dead, and her life is hidden in God with Jesus Christ.

E. M. SHAPCOTE.

Winkel-am-Rhein, Germany.

CONVENT EDUCATION AND THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A WELL-KNOWN writer, who proclaimed himself a Catholic, and at one time "pro-clerical," recently, in Dublin and in English papers—both Catholic and Protestant—has been making violent attacks on the education given in Ireland by monks and nuns.

It is, he says, cramming; it leaves the half-educated unable to earn their bread; it has no knowledge or consciousness of the outer world as it is.

Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, the writer to whom I allude, is a man of reading, and of wide experience in several European countries. I am not quite sure, however (considering the contrast in the comparatively respectful and religious tone of his Catholic articles and the jeering of the "Protestant" ones), whether his be not now a venal pen.

Still, it is well to know what is maintained by those who are endeavoring to influence public opinion about institutions in which we have an interest. And no doubt there is much to be said for such criticism all the world over, when it takes the ideal as a standard. But here is the fallacy. The Irish Catholic schools, for instance, compare better than the non-Catholic, in the public competitions of the Intermediate Education Board, and of the Royal University. And if that system of examination implies cramming in one set of schools it implies it generally in the other, although it should be borne in mind that exactness is not cramming. At the same time, that system was certainly condemned, in this connection, by everyone; and it has been, partly at least, reformed.[1]

So, then, if we are not comparing with the absolute ideal, of which we fall so far short, by weakness of teachers, by frailty of pupils, what is to be said when comparing the products of religious schools with those of others?

Mr. O'Donnell says, passing to the girls, that in no country in the world are there so many pious, useless, frivolous dolls of young women as in his country of Ireland.

Putting aside the question of comparison of one country with another, and considering these things justly, how much we have heard, and rightly heard, of all this sort of thing before. Mr.

[1] Apropos of other charges, world-wide, against the religious just now, Mr. Dale's Protestant Englishman's report for the Royal Commission on Irish education has "found the convent schools superior in cleanliness and comfort to all the other schools he visited." I quote from the *Irish Rosary* for April: "Has 'excessive competition' on the part of the nuns prevented the lay-conducted schools from being equally cleanly? If so, why and how? Pupils in the non-Catholic model schools sometimes cost the State £6 or £7 per head; in the convent school never more than about £2 10*s*. . . .

"Yes; but lay teachers suffer from the excessive competition of the 'celibates.' Very good; and that ignored person, the tax-payer, is invited to suffer in order that the lay teacher may continue to make inroads on the standard of educational efficiency, comfort, and cleanliness—to say nothing of moral discipline. *Why?*

". . . The nuns earn their living, and have 'taken the shine' out of the 'model' schools—if that Englishman is to be at all trusted. Convents, or no convents, you will have celibates in every population. Are there none in 'Martindom,' as Carlyle once comically called Protestantism? I rather believe there are; and what is more, I fancy that Protestant countries don't get half the value out of their celibates that Catholic countries do, thanks to the religious orders."

Frederic Harrison's protests in the *Nineteenth Century* against the abuses of the examination system were echoed by leaders in England of all sorts of learning. There is much machinery, they said, in effect; and no corresponding perfection in the output. And young men come to Maynooth, said Dr. Hogan, with less love of learning, less appreciation of the classics, of the books that have reached *the* classics—that is, the class standard.

Dr. Mahaffy has written the same thing of those going to Trinity College, Dublin. Mark Pattison, who, whatever he was as a humane personality, was certainly a scholar and a ripe and good one, whose ideal puts everyone on his mettle, if not to shame, declared that modern Oxford was like a house with the painters never out of it—examinations, boards, standings, gradings, marks, machinery, and worry; all of which, he said, had no more to do with learning than has dancing. His words should never be forgotten by men and women in our generation. And if Mme. Zamoyska writes, in her book, *Ideals of Practice*, concerning Catholic Poland: "How few young women, even of those who for many years have followed sedulously, and often to the detriment of their health, the educational programme laid out for them, possess any real love for study, and any serious wish to increase their stock of knowledge; while fewer still can be said to have reached that which is the starting-point of all intellectual development, the art of knowing how to learn"—if the Polish critic writes thus, then, no earlier than February of this year, in the *Contemporary Review* (p. 154), Sir Oliver Lodge, President of Birmingham University, declares, concerning his country's unpriestly schools, that "the fault I have to find with the schools is that the majority of the boys turned out of them are ignorant; they neither possess knowledge, nor do they know how to acquire it. They are not ashamed of their ignorance; they are usually not even aware of it." "The country is hugely illiterate," judges Mr. William Watson, in the *Fortnightly*[2] for the same month. And *The Schoolmaster*,[3] of Mr. A. C. Benson of Eton, declares, concerning his un-Jesuitical England—he himself being "un-Jesuitical," he says—that "it must be frankly admitted that the intellectual standard maintained at the English public (*i. e.*, great endowed,

[2] Page 271.

[3] London: John Murray, 1903.

now upper-class) schools is low; and what is more serious, I do not see that there is any evidence that it is tending to become higher."[4] "My own belief is that a good many young boys have the germ of intellectual life in them, but that in many cases it dies a natural death from inanition. . . . Unless a boy is very keenly interested in intellectual things, his interest is not likely to survive in an atmosphere . . . where intellectual things are, to put it frankly, unfashionable."[5] "We send out from our public schools, year after year, boys who hate knowledge and who think books dreary, who are perfectly self-satisfied and entirely ignorant, and, what is worse, not ignorant in a wholesome and humble manner, but arrogantly and contemptuously ignorant—not only satisfied to be so, but thinking it ridiculous and almost unmanly that a young man should be anything else."[6]

When Eton was "the College of Blessed Marie besyde Wyndesore," and under priests, was that then quite as true of it, and of Winchester, and of the other old Catholic foundations?[7]

I mind me of what a live, perhaps too lively, Jesuit said to me the other day: "*Our* boys' work is poor. But 'no work' is the rule for the other boys." A United States professor, in 1904, complains of State-school students coming to college, not knowing a noun from a preposition. And we all remember the judgment on English composition at Harvard-entrance, by professors

[4] Page 55. [5] Page 59. [6] Page 65.

[7] Milman—*Latin Christianity*, vol. vii, p. 355—does not speak *mal à propos*, of two centuries before the scattering of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge priests, when Wycliffe's "destination, either from his own choice or the wise providence of his parents, was that of a scholar, to which the humblest could, in those days, aspire. England was almost a land of schools; every Cathedral, almost every monastery, had its own; but youths of more ambition, self-confidence, supposed capacity, and of better opportunities, thronged to Oxford and Cambridge, now in their highest repute. In England, as throughout Christendom, that wonderful rush, as it were, of a vast part of the population towards knowledge, thronged the universities with thousands of students, instead of the hundreds who have now the privilege of entering those seats of learning."

"A 'university' (to-day), to the mind of (English) opulent youth, consists of blazons, games, and a number of tedious people called tutors and dons, with indefinite functions, and concerning themselves persistently with the occupations of youth. There are libraries where no self-respecting man will enter. . . . But dress is an important preoccupation."—"What is a University?" by Walter Frewen Lord; *Nineteenth Century and After*, March, 1904.

who reported that not one student of the hundreds entering (and from American schools with the greatest prestige) wrote an essay without mistakes, were it in construction, or in spelling, or in punctuation. "To our shame and sorrow be it said that our wretched system of cram and hurry, our farce of requiring *much* and accepting *little* in the way of examination standard, is the cause of much illiteracy among a certain class of our younger teachers. At all hazards balance should be preserved, and the literary culture imparted by Latin should not be sacrificed. The history of our educational system for the last quarter of a century has been a history of crazes—the method craze, the object-lesson craze, the 'gem-lessons,' the story-telling craze, the phonic craze, the vertical writing craze, the examination madness. . . . Each of these was hailed in turn as the God-sent agent of emancipation for the system. Through all these shiftings, fluctuations, and tinkerings, there are a few who have steadily kept before them the real object of school-education to give a knowledge of self, to promote modesty and refinement, through the teaching of discipline and self-control, etc." So far the *Educational Monthly*, of Canada, February, 1904, organ of the Ontario Public-School System, once so full of confidence in itself.

And so you see why convent pupils, when themselves mothers, have such anxiety to send their daughters to their old places under the nuns. Nay, more, why anti-Catholic fathers, in countries where they know convents through their wives, run risks of offending the free and independent electors and the various great Lamas of secret societies, by favoring convent education for their children. Why do even so many Protestants send their daughters to learn modest ways, and womanly dignity, and freedom from wasted sentiments and their tyranny, in schools directed by nuns?[8] Because they value character first, and have found out

[8] The following is from the Anglican *Church Times* of April 8, 1904, in one of a series of articles on the English monasteries before the dissolution:

"As to nunneries and education, all the larger houses, and probably all the smaller ones, in proportion to their capacity, opened their gates freely for the instruction of young girls, who were not infrequently accompanied by their brothers when of tender years. The children of well-to-do parents often arranged for them to be boarders at the nunneries in mediæval days, as is still the custom. In pre-Reforma-

that though that be well cared for elsewhere, it is better cared for in convents. "There is something they have that we cannot give them," said to me a bigoted non-Catholic head of a Normal School, concerning those of his women students who had been educated by religious. "I don't know what it is; it shows itself in good manners; but it is something beyond our reach." He added, and maybe with truth, that in his experience these girls had less independence in their work than their otherwise educated compeers. Certainly, "these things ought ye to have done, and not have left the others undone." But one thing the education in

tion days the nunnery was the popularly accepted place for a girl's education of different ranks. Thus Chaucer, in describing the miller of Trompington, says:—

> A wyf he hadde, com of noble kyne;
> Sche was i-fostryd in a nonnery. . . .
> What for hir kindred and hir nortelry
> That sche had lerned in the nonnerye.

"In later days, not long after their suppression, John Aubrey wrote with great appreciation of the educational work of the Wiltshire convents:

"'The young maids were brought up at nunneries, where they had examples of piety and humility, and modesty, and obedience to imitate and to practise. Here they learned needlework, the art of confectionery, surgery, . . . physic, writing, drawing, etc. . . . It was a fine way of building up young women, who are led more by example than precept; and a good retirement for widows and grave single women to a civil, virtuous, and holy life.'

"Much more evidence, if it was required, could be produced as to the education so generally given by English nuns. Quite recently, in turning over some little-explored forest accounts at the Public Record Office, an entry was found (not hitherto referred to in print) of John of Gaunt sending two bucks from his park at Kenilworth to certain Spanish damsels at Nuneaton. This led to further investigation, when it came out that several Spanish young ladies, who had accompanied the Duke's second wife to England, were sent to the priory of Nuneaton for purposes of education.

"When the commissioners visited Nunnaminster, Winchester, in May, 1536, they orwarded a most highly favorable report of that ancient house, pronouncing the inmates to be 'very clene, virtuous, honest, and of charitable conversation, order and rule,' as testified by the mayor and corporation and all the country side. They found there twenty-six 'chyldren of lordys, knyghttes and gentylmen brought up yn the sayd monastery.' The list of these girls begins with 'Bryget Plantagenet, dowghter unto the Lord Vycounte Lysley,' and includes members of the families of Copley, Philpot, Tyrell, Dingley, and Titchborne. There was also one boy, Peter Titchborne, 'chylde of the high aulter.'

"No attempt of any kind was made to replace these homes for English girls' instruction, when the nunneries were blotted out of existence."

convents tries to do; and, if it fails, it succeeds better than other education. That is, as Matthew Arnold says, after visiting French convents, it educates first of all the heart, the character; it establishes a bond between teacher and taught, and gives mutual confidence, respect, love. How exquisitely generous, if jealousy is now plotting to turn the charmers out! I saw, said Matthew Arnold, that in non-religious State schools no such education of character was found. "And without the education of the heart, all the rest is bosh."—Am I quoting the great-hearted Sir Walter exactly?

Later in life, in non-Catholic England and America, few or none devote themselves as do many convent-bred Frenchwomen, who, whether as nuns or as still in society, give their lives, in part or in totality, to the care of the most horribly afflicted, the most awfully abandoned and desperate.

"I am told," said the Academician, Maxime du Camp (when regretting that he was not himself a believer), "that this charity is inspired by blind faith. . . . Anyway it is a glorious faith that urges people to help the wretched, to calm the suffering, and give hope to the despairing; and if it is not justified by science" [this, in 1885], "all the better for it; since yesterday's scientific truth is error to-day; and religion, not science, is the consoler. . . .

"The spirit I write this in is one half of contradiction, half of love of justice; at this time" [during the first of this Third Republic's persecutions] "of the lay inquisition, with its appeal to liberty, and its fear of competition for its teaching" [since it turned out the feared competitors, as now, twenty years later, it is turning them out again].

". . . A cruel persecution it is, striking hearts and minds that know not where to turn; dispersing men who chose to live in common; driving consolation for suffering out of hospitals; and pulling down in schools the image of the Just One unjustly condemned—brutal injustice it is, and folly. Contemplative and teaching orders are gone. While the orders of charity remain, I want to make them more known; before their time comes, and they have to abandon the social outcasts" [as to-day, under M. Combes], "whom they have taken in, and whose numbers are beyond the help of aid from the State."

Women do these things: convent-bred women. Why, if they go into the world, are they praised for wit, for accomplishments; when those who outdid them in these worldly ways are insulted if they remain in the cloisters?

And in France now, concerning the State (not exactly clerical) school teachers, a lycée *professeur*[9] writes: "Comment pourron ils se mettre d'accord sur la place, le rôle, le rang de leurs enseignements respectifs? Leur origine, leur éducation, la structure de leur esprit, tout les sépare. Ils n'ont et ne peuvent avoir aucune vie commune. Pour que l'enseignement secondaire fût un et harmonieux, il fallait d'abord que le corps enseignant fût homogène . . . Si c'est une faute grave que de ne point exiger de tous les professeurs des lycées une solide culture générale, c'en est une plus grave encore que de ne pas les préparer à leur metier. On a déjà maintes fois signalé ce mal" (pp. 17, 18). "Absence de culture générale et philosophique chez beaucoup de maîtres, manque de préparation pédagogique chez tous, voilà les causes du désordre qui règne actuellement dans notre enseignement secondaire" (pp. 21, 22).

An English critic this year has said that the State will have to be "going off to Stonyhurst, to seek Jesuit masters of method" —to nuns, it may be, for mistresses thereof.

Then, as to frivolity, and novel-reading, and general inanity, bad taste in music,[10] and worse in drawing, and no strong mental interest or belief, to enlighten piety;[11] to encourage the younger or

[9] *L'enseignement secondaire et la démocratie;* by Francisque Vial, 1901.

[10] "In the selection of music we should be careful to choose the best . . . to keep to what is universally known as 'classical music.' . . . There are few things which have such power to elevate the mind and influence it for good as church music, and especially plainsong, when rendered as it ought to be: by penetrating us with the sense of harmony and beauty, it strengthens us against much that is evil. To spread zealously and widely the love of good church music is an apostolate in itself." (*Ideals in Practice*, p. 75.) Would that convents had the mind of the Popes. Why will any of them degrade themselves and their children by the silly, languid, anti-papal stuff they sing at Benediction?

[11] And "It is a matter of great importance that we should accustom ourselves to use the prayers given us by the Church in the Missal and in her other liturgical books. What are called 'books of piety,' by no means suffice, though they are often very good, and at certain moments helpful; yet they generally weary us in the long run by the exaggeration of their sentiments, and by their inflated expressions. At

dependent; to check the passion for handing round pieces of pasteboard all the afternoon, and handling other pieces of pasteboard half the night—is this deficient or scandalous existence confined to those educated in convents? Mr. Spectator was not on the side of the Channel where nuns then taught, when he reflected: "I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?" As the Polish Catholic woman suggests, why not garden instead of golf? And crossing the Channel, among nun-taught housewives, surely some French houses had and have good cooking; some Frenchmen have had serious mothers; and not quite all French nuns are stupid. To convent education applies, "these things ought ye to have done, and not have left others undone;" and it applies also to other things and places in this fallen world. For, "If women are rich," says one of them, "just as they crowd their rooms with useless trifles so they fill up their time also, often to excess, with a multitude of imaginary duties, such as unneccessary visits, or superfluous letter-writing, varied by the production of piles of flimsy fancy-work, or of vain attempts at artistic production, executed without manual skill or mental effort. By thus frittering away their time, and letting their minds lie fallow, such women often bring about such a weakening of their natural faculties that any serious thought or occupation becomes an impossibility."

Certainly, because others also are weak, that is no reason for

the best they are never as good as the prayers of the Holy Scripture or those of the Fathers of the Church; these alone suit all men, all states, and all times." (*Ib.*, p. 107.) Would that, again, every convent had here the mind of the Church—for our daughters' sakes, for their good taste and their good sense, for their enlightenment, their interests historical and artistic, for their Catholicity.

convents not trying to be conscious of defects. But what the ideal, anyway, is, of perhaps the best known of the teaching orders of women is thus expressed by the Venerable Mme. Barat, its foundress, when she opposes sentimental piety as less useful or as useless, and directs that attention to practical duties of the hour should always be preferred to religious feeling and affection. "Be pious, but let your piety be of the kind which sets duty above mere practice of devotion. Be firm against the world and human respect; be simple and modest."

Those themselves educated in the convents must always be appealed to. What is their experienced judgment as to such education mis-fitting them for life in the family and in the world? To repeat: How many send their daughters here where they were themselves? How many even who are not Catholics? Why do they send them?

We have read of the frivolous life in Paris of ex-convent pupils; frivolous, and worse. But we have known of difficulties found by nun-teachers, in counteracting, even among young pupils, the frivolity of their stupid or unmoral homes. Young women often say they learned nothing in the convent. So young women say of their non-convent schools. And the truth of what they say is evidently undeniable. Still, one experienced Jesuit teacher does write:—"I think you question me about improvements in convent education? That such are needed no one can doubt, who has got inside the closely guarded outer wall of their classes and studies; but how or where to begin is the hard point. I think the clergy should try to reform the *popular* tastes on the education question. People, that is to say, our Catholic parents, among others, don't know what good education for young ladies means—and 'pon my word, when I come to think of it, which of us does agree with his neighbor on that subject?"

Such reflections were suggested by reading *Woman*,[12] a short new book by the Irish Jesuit writer, Father N. Walsh, and the much-mentioned book of Polish origin, *Ideals in Practice*[13]—for women.

The general idea of the former is Plato's: "It is for man to

[12] *Woman;* by the Rev. N. Walsh, S.J.

[13] *Ideals in Practice*—Women's Work; by the Countess Zamoyska.

administer the Republic; for women, the home." The author has no wish for her to be written down M. P. But he knows the great good done in the British Isles, and not least to the Catholic poor, by women being placed on boards of guardians, or on committees of public institutions generally. And he thinks of the Fathers, cultivated in the great Pagan schools, before the Dark Age of the invasion of the barbarians, who wrote to and for women who also were cultivated. Nor is he ignorant, of course, of women professors in Popes' universities in the Middle Ages, not indeed among us Celts and Teutons, but in Italy. And in modern days, Fénelon, whom he cites, has had many followers. They all look on women's higher education as a need. But this present-day writer follows these Christians by placing first that famous housewife of the *Proverbs* (31) of whom is read so frequently in the Lesson at Mass. Husband, children, servants and the State may rise and call her blessed; in her household comforts, in her loyality, in her generous and un-contentious spirit.

For a housewife's education to-day, our priest-director (ch. iv) would have languages, to begin with—her own first; then French and German anyway. And "your Latin has given me at least as much pleasure as the rest; the language of our faith should never be omitted in any religious education." (Mme. de Swetchine.) And thus too the modern laywoman advises her sex: "As to the choice of languages to learn, let us remember that the Church is our mother, and that Latin is in a special manner the Church's language, and therefore it behooves us to know it. Even if we do not reach the point of reading and studying the classics, a simple knowledge of Church Latin is in itself a valuable possession for a Catholic" (p. 49). In fact, one often recalls what Thoreau said, how that not in vain had a farmer learned and remembered a few scraps of Latin, signs to him of a wider world, suggestions of things other than he knows and sees, and so, in the truest sense, educative. And a Catholic especially can hardly have confidence merely in "the ignorant present," unless when chafing in ephemeral bumptiousness against true religion and its reference to the past and to the future.

As for music, put it first as an "accomplishment;" but do not force it on those without taste. We commend to the pleasure of

the author and of his readers who listen to the strumming of waltzes as net result of time and money, the letter on "Pianos for sale," in *Lettres à ma cousine* (*2ème série*), which, with some other new books, we shall name at the close. "I am not abusing your piano; its real function here below is divine. But I am only saying that, generally speaking, it is an ugly thing to look at, and has a poor sound; and besides, that it is made vulgar, ridiculous and hateful to numbers of persecuted people." Isn't it awful, with Gustave Droz, "to hear young heroines thumping epileptic tunes on that horrible music box?" How much more graceful the harp, in a moderate musical education! And why is drawing, why is modelling not commoner in our schools for girls? To begin with, these arts, in connection with industries, would help much more toward women earning their bread. Besides Fénelon (with this Gabriel Aubray) lays down that women are born with a violent desire of pleasing, source of their tone of conversation, and of their passion for bonnets and ribbons. And why should their education in arts to please, increase natural tendencies, if weak ones? "Joseph de Maistre, recommended healthy literature to his daughter; moralists, great orators, everything fitting women to fulfil their mission, which is not to please and to charm, but 'to make her husband happy, to comfort him, encourage him, and make real men out of her children'" (p. 70). There is something else than that. Read "Les vraies vierges fortes," and "Les vieilles filles," in *Lettres à ma cousine* (p. 81). However, for the moment, they are all still children on the music stool:

"Le piano sauve quand il est l'art, et qu'on n'a mis en lui que le travail et des pensées pures. Mais il perd, quand il n'est qu'un instrument de coquetterie, un moyen de plaire, un jeu de salon, au total un détestable maître de frivolité. Il perd encore, dès l'instant que ce n'est plus la jeune fille qui fait jouer ses cordes d'acier, mais lui qui joue avec les nerfs trop vibrants, avec l'imagination trop fiévreuse, avec l'âme sans force de la petite femme" (p. 81).

Give some of her time, as Fénelon advises, to knowing well how to keep accounts.

And what of higher studies? Here too the author of *Woman*

is in accord with Fénelon's rules if there be: (1) No home duty neglected; (2) capacity of the young woman; (3) modesty in her studies, and not display.

She certainly should give the lie, as far as it is possible, to one of her own sex, who wrote: "Women never know anything thoroughly; so, the little that they do know makes them proud and disdainful, talkative and adverse to anything serious."

"I would prefer," said the Archbishop of Cambrai, "that she should be well versed in housekeeping and in accounts, rather than in the dispute between theologians about grace." But the modern priest also desires, in religious study, "a really solid knowledge of the Catechism"—by which, as he expressly says, he does not mean the mere letter thereof; for, as he goes on, "philosophy and theology of a *certain kind* ought to hold a prominent place in the education of girls. Their teachers should instruct them in the great foundation truths of Christianity; in the defined dogmas of the Church; in the principles and practices which they should esteem, if they are to be good children of the Church" (p. 25).

Truly, women ought to be ashamed of themselves, if it is due to them that men talk stupidity as soon as a woman comes among them. "Woman's World" in newspapers—what is it but bonnets and gowns?

> "Who would not scorn, and shake them from the fist,
> And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?"

That is, after having passed the time with them, "when nothing else will please;" to go on quoting this frank man-poet.

To what waste of time, and worse, are you exposing a daughter that has no sense. "The heads that are fullest are hardest to turn." "A woman must use her judgment till death, and must speak," says Mlle. de Scurdéry, "till her last breath; yet people teach her nothing that can make her converse more agreeably and behave more sensibly." We are quoting this from *La Femme de demain;* which recognizes certainly that there is another sort of woman and upbringing, an ardor now among some women for solid and scientific knowledge; and if you do not give it to them in surroundings favorable to faith, they will get it without. It is no use sneering at *pédantes*, and maintaining our right of

unwillingness that "les femmes sachent tout;" to quote some critics. Of women as of men, Pascal's words may be true, and they should be welcomed: "There are persons who cannot help thinking; and who think all the more, the more we forbid them to do so. They cast off false religions, and even true religion, if they do not receive solid instruction." It will not do to give people—Christian people—who want to preserve the family, and the Christian virtues, and belief in immortality—it will not do to give them now, in any class or state, the education fitted for a time of peaceful tradition and undisturbed religious life. And there is much to rejoice at, in the need for mental and moral truths being made one's own. Morals and religions are not long safe, after all, in this world, when men and women can give no reason for the faith that is in them. Anyway, for us the time is one of storm and stress, even as it was for the Apostles' converts. Woman, above all, has everything to gain if she is able to keep mankind round her Christian and Catholic.

"Ce n'est donc pas au mariage, mon garçon, qu'on devrait préparer les filles, puisque aussi bien l'on n'est jamais sûr qu'elles y soient appelées par leur nature, ni qu'on pourra le leur donner: c'est *à la vie*."

Bishop Spalding[14] has written on the nobler side of the whole truth in this matter. His own work on *The Higher Education of Women* sufficiently supports the side intellectual. "Our Blessed Lord . . . clothed the weak in heavenly panoply, when He placed purity above strength, and humility above pride. Now, of this true womanly phase of Christianity the Blessed Virgin is forever the ideal.[15] Mother and virgin, she is the model of the

[14] *Ave Maria* for January 9, 1904.

[15] In Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*, we are reminded:

"Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that of reverence for womanhood, which existed through the Middle Ages, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest art and purest thoughts of that age.

"To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna, having always been a violent offence, are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are least comprehensive to the average realistic and materialist temper of the Reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor friend, of the influence of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the reverence for the

wedded and the free. . . . Of the higher life of perfect purity she is equally the model. The moment virginity is preached as a virtue, women will be found to embrace it; all the more gladly because it is possible only through self-denial. . . . How poorly inspired was Protestantism! It knew not woman's nature. How could it, when it mistook human nature? Controversies, arguings, doubts, schisms, and sects give no joy to woman. . . . 'There is,' says Mr. Lecky, 'as I conceive, no fact in modern history more deeply to be deplored than that the Reformers . . . should have levelled to the dust, instead of attempting to regenerate, the whole conventual system of Catholicism.' This great revolution was occasioned by the sins of Catholics, from the Popes downward. It finally settled upon Bible-texts, became an intellectual process, and was condemned to the sterility which characterizes mere theories, of whatever kind. All its phases are stages in the disintegration of Christianity which is taking place outside the Catholic Church; one of which is known as the question of Woman's Rights. The aim is to make woman as strong and intellectual as man, and the result must be to make her profane and vulgar. . . . The women who speak from our public platforms are so sharp and unlovely because they are displeased with themselves.[16] . . .

Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character.

"There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Israelite maiden, 'He that is mighty hath magnified me and Holy is His Name.'"

[16] In this twentieth century, we are told that "a despatch quoted Chancellor Andrews of the University of Nebraska as stating that a time would come in which hopelessly incurable children, or those mentally weak, would be mercifully put to death, after the case had been submitted to a committee of skilled physicians. At once a reporter sallied forth and got views on the subject from eight Chicago women officially connected with local hospitals for children. And he must have surprised himself. Five of eight interviewed declared themselves in favor of such murder of the hopeless and innocent. Two others believed in the plan, but doubted the right of the State to take life for such cause. The eighth did not believe the plan practic-

If we must take a gloomy view, we say with Madame de Staël, the most intellectual of women: "It were far better, in order to keep something sacred on earth, that in marriage there should be one slave rather than two free-thinkers." To return to the practical advice of the first book in hand—and such are the teachings on which convent-bred women are reared—we have the happiness of homes shown as depending on women and pious women. There follows this advice to piety:—"A week-day Mass of Devotion is a holy work, but not a duty; and therefore it, or at least the *time of hearing it*, should give way to a home duty, such as having a comfortable breakfast for husband, sons, etc., and making it the pleasanter and more family-like by presiding at it" (p. 29). The Dublin Father continues: "This beautiful and edifying devotion of daily Mass can be easily managed in places where there are Masses from early morning to ten or eleven o'clock." He might have said twelve. For, in his Dublin, we recall many churches with Masses daily till ten; Jesuits, Dominicans, and Carmelites, there, have Masses till eleven; and then Franciscans, and the largest secular church—with perhaps others—till twelve, daily. And there are hundreds of business men at some of these. Father Gavin, S.J., of London, states, in a recent treatise on the Mass, that 40,000, as is calculated, are present at Mass day by day in Dublin. The daily Solemn High Mass in Westminster Cathedral is now at 10.30—to name no other London church.

able. The one man interviewed, Dr. Graham Taylor, flatly opposed the idea, terming it an 'invasion of the fundamental principle of the sanctity of human life.' . . .

"The comical side of the affair is that after the women had agreed with Chancellor Andrews, that gentleman came out in another despatch denying that he had said anything of the kind. Thus the ladies were left high and dry, hugging their advanced ideas without distinguished authority on which to rest their sanguinary notions. And such people are in charge of State institutions in which little children are cared for. . . . After a while, no doubt, humanitarians will arise who will advocate killing the poor, in order to put them out of their misery, and advance progress."—*The New World.*

A professor at a very large American university did advocate, not long since, removing such of the old, and of others, as were helpless, or incurable, or wretched and "useless," or a danger to the health or "happiness" of the younger or stronger. And I knew a smaller professor who quite approved of State-appointed murderers for that purpose: the individual being nothing; the State, all.

Again, in the same spirit, the book advises: "Sometimes a difficulty or scruple is started by one of 'the devout female sex,' about going to the theatre on Saturday night—when men of busy lives like, with fair reason, to go—because she intends to go to Holy Communion next morning. If left to herself it would not be the evening for the theatre; but if she gives as a reason, that husband, father, or brother has asked her to go, I for one should say go and be glad that you have those who wish you to enjoy yourself with them" (p. 31). And so, also, in training daughters, make allowances. Father Faber says somewhere ". . . that children cannot understand recreation without noise. Parents often forget that they were once children, and made a good deal of noise." And then follows this good Christian counsel, speaking of relations of children to parents:—"It is a strange and unnatural anomaly to see members of a family who are kind, polite, pleasant, delightful—sometimes too much so—with passing acquaintances, and outsiders, but who are cold, distant, unsympathetic, disagreeable to one another, in their own home. Some one has called such persons 'street-angels and home-devils' . . ." "I have rested too much, perhaps, on God's view of 'joy' and 'gladness'; but I have done so in order to show that gloom, depression and a sour sanctity are opposed to the Spirit of God, and should be severely fought against, and turned into joy and gladness. A death's-head is out of place in a Catholic home" (pp. 46–55). Of course the author notes the only sure sanction of this temper, whether in work or in recreation. And of this supernatural charity and sweet reasonableness the last chapter recurs to the great example, St. Monica; "and few have as great trials and anxieties as she had . . . Her husband was fervid in his anger; but she had learned not to resist an angry husband even in word. When, however, he was smooth and tranquil, and in temper to receive it, she would give an account of her action, if he had overhastily taken offence. In a word; when many matrons, with milder husbands, bore even on their faces marks of shame, and would, even in familiar talk, blame their husbands, she would blame *their* tongues" (p. 67).

We sum up in the words of a woman who has seen four generations, that "the book, *Woman*, is most sensible, and merits to be

read again, and made known to others." The only lamentable thing in it is that some sentences have been left with mixed constructions.

Lastly, women of sense will take an interest in following *Ideals in Practice:*

"In a large but unpretentious-looking house, surrounded by its own outbuildings, fields, and gardens, some 130 girls on an average are generally in training. Some of them are young girls of good family who, after leaving school or college, come for a *post-graduate* course in matters pertaining to household management. Some are members of the 'bourgeoisie,' the comfort of whose future homes will be likely to depend on their own personal exertions . . . Others are the daughters of peasants and artisans, who on leaving the primary schools are received at the Zakopane house for a three years' course of practical training, of a sort to be equally useful to them whether they marry or go into domestic service."

Imitating this (at Zakopane, in Poland), such an institution has lately been founded near Dublin—St. Kevin's Park, Stillorgan—a Training School of Domestic Science, under the auspices of Sir Horace Plunkett, and his State Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland. He is the author of the stirring "Self-Help" book that is now comforting none of the political parties, but that is inspiring, even if sometimes irritating, the men of good will in all—*Ireland in the New Century*.[17]

These newer ventures may take heart from the experience of the Wiener-Hausfrauenverein, the Vienna society established in 1875, which from its training school for domestic science has sent out some 250 pupils a year; trained, we are told, as an example, in such a way that when a damask tablecloth is mended, the design is followed with such exactitude that it is impossible to tell where the hole has been. We refer to whoever can say thereon her *expertæ crede*.

Practical, yet not materialized, not brutalized: how needful are the Catholic women, as well as the Catholic men, that know how to use their great inheritance. In our part of the earth, too, we

[17] London: John Murray. 1904.

need such. For "une société qui s'amuse est une société en décadence."[18]

W. F. P. Stockley.

Halifax, N. S.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Chapter XI.—The Smiles of Years Gone By.

I HAVE kept the memory of Saint Irénée green, and though age has now flecked my hair and beard with white, I still find fresh within my heart the recollection of the persons and objects belonging to that happy time.

It is sweet to render this last tribute of affection and gratitude to the worthy preceptors who were so faithful in their efforts to bring us up in the way we should go, and make us true Christians and true Frenchmen. They were as ready to sympathize in our enjoyments as in our labors, prompt to console in our troubles and revive our failing courage. They were indeed *educators* in the full sense of the term. Most of them have already passed to their eternal reward. The survivors continue to edify us by their zeal and virtue.

It seems to me that I can still hear the earnest, vibrant voice of our rector, as, standing in the pulpit of the chapel, he enthralled us by the charm and unction of his eloquence. How many good Christians, fervent religious and holy priests were formed by his zeal and his doctrine, which were ever clothed in harmonious and

[18] To compare with those books, there may be named the following, lately published by well-known authors :

La Vocation : R. P. Coppin, C.SS.R.

Lettres à ma cousine : Gabriel Aubray.

La Femme de demain : Étienne Lamy.

Éducation et Instruction : Octave Gérard ; in 2 vols., the first, largely on "L'enseignement secondaire de nos filles"—*universitaire*, not *clérical*.

De l'éducation moderne des jeunes filles : Dugard.

The Higher Education of Women in Europe : Miss Helen Lange. Translated from the German.

La Femme Contemporaine, a monthly French review for Catholics and others.

We need not do more than recall Fénelon's *De l'éducation des filles*, and Joseph de Maistre's *Lettres*.

finished language! "Defunctus adhuc loquitur." Being dead he yet speaketh, for he lives again in his works, and younger generations will long drink at this fruitful source of faith and love.

I had the same professor in the third and second grades and in rhetoric, Abbé Duval of holy and happy memory. What enthusiasm he inspired in his pupils for the subjects he taught! Greek, Latin poetry, history, music,—he was a man of universal attainments. There was such animation in his class, such life and spirit! He had our unwavering confidence. I can see him now, standing by his desk—this was his attitude when he grew particularly earnest—with his tall figure, luxurious locks and large, expressive gestures. We were so fascinated by his burning words that sometimes we did not even notice that the recreation bell had rung. There was a triumph indeed!

Like all enthusiastic, high-strung characters, he had his periods of depression and disillusion. One day he would praise us to the skies, and declare we were the finest class in all France and Navarre, and the next we "did not know enough to enter the sixth grade. Sixth! Why the eighth were certainly better students than we were!"

He was devoted to Cicero. By this I mean not only that he admired the thoughts and the style of the classic writer, but even his very person. One day some one read to Abbé Duval a description of an impressive procession which had taken place in Rome on the feast of Corpus Christi in the midst of an immense concourse of people. "How delighted Cicero would have been," he exclaimed, "to witness such a triumph, if he had been a Christian, and had lived in our times!"

I must confess that the idea of associating Cicero with a modern Christian celebration always seemed very peculiar to me.

He had a profound knowledge and keen appreciation of antiquity, the flavor of which he was able to impart. He was noted for his continual and perfectly spontaneous allusions to mythology. They say that in his last illness (I can vouch for the truth of this), when his associates tried to persuade him to go to bed, he said, in all seriousness, "I can't, I can't. Go to bed! Why it would be as impossible for me as it was for Jason[1] to obtain the

[1] Chief of the Argonauts' expedition, 1500 B. C.

golden fleece!" In spite of the seriousness of the situation those present could not help laughing heartily.

I will never forget a rehearsal he once held with the choir when he tried in vain to get the tenors to come in at the right time. The unfortunate fellows always began a half-beat too soon or too late.

"Why, it is very simple," exclaimed Abbé Duval, impatiently, "pay attention, now. I sing the solo in the 'Panis Angelicus.' Very well! At the words 'servus et humilis,' you come in. You understand, when I say *hu*, you must come in."

"O, indeed!" cried the buffoon of the group. "We are not horses and mules, to mind when you shout 'Hue!'"[2]

The good Abbé was not the last to laugh at the pun!

And then in the class-room! It was a treat to see him join in our amusement when some one would make one of those school-boy blunders which cause a laugh worthy of Homer to burst from the other students.

One day, when we were still in the third grade, one of my classmates was told to read his Latin composition. The subject was "The Ram."

"Translate the title," said Abbé Duval.

"Malé dé la brébisse," commenced the pupil.

"I don't understand you," said the professor.

"Malé dé la brébisse," repeated the boy with confidence.

"What are you trying to say?"

"Malé dé la brébisse," said the child for the third time, beginning to be a little uneasy.

"I do not understand a word."

"It is in the dictionary, sir!"

"Bring me your dictionary."

The dictionary was forthcoming, and the boy pointed to where the author, after the word *ram*, had placed in parenthesis mâle de la brebis (male of the sheep), the French synonym. The poor boy had taken these words for Latin, and had thus written and read them. You may judge with what success.

Another time Abbé Duval slowly turned over a pile of exercises until he came to one for which he was searching. "Listen,

[2] An exclamation used in driving animals. (Translator's note.)

gentlemen!" said he. "This is the translation which one of the class—I shall spare his blushes and refrain from mentioning his name—made of the Latin text we had yesterday afternoon. The phrase is worth its weight in gold."

After the lapse of fifty years, I still have the passage by heart, and I do not change a single word. This is the way it began:

"A certain man, sleeping away from home, balanced by a fall of fratricide, was in good part carried off during his slumber."

The pupil who made this version was, to be sure, not very bright; but he must have had a musical ear, for the phrase is quite rhythmic—in French.

What extract and what author the poor boy had thus distorted I do not remember, and I am sure it would be very difficult to trace the source with naught but this translation as a guide.

What nonsense we put into the mouths of the ancients in our childhood!

I remember that one of my classmates rendered these two words of Livy, "Incumbebat pariter," in this fashion: "He lay down with impartiality!"

The gem which follows was the production of a youth in the second class.

The opening sentence of Tacitus will be recalled: "Opus aggredior opimum casibus;" "I enter upon an epoch fertile in catastrophes."

One unfortunate boy thus translated the proposition: "I commence the work, rich with cheese!" The accusative *opimum* he had made to modify the subject of *aggredior*, and he had confused *casus* with *caseus*, accident with cheese!

The most remarkable feature of it is that even intelligent pupils will carelessly make these egregious mistakes.

We were very fond of Abbé Duval, and would have gone through fire and water for him, but this did not prevent us from occasionally making him the butt of some of our jokes.

One day one of the boys, sly wag that he was, purposely allowed himself to be relieved of a pretty little box of cigarettes which had escaped the notice of the inspector of the college in

spite of its label. During a lesson in Virgil, Abbé Duval, who had a weakness for cigarettes, confiscated the box, put it in his pocket, and after class went to the prefect of studies and asked permission to divert to his own use the booty captured from the enemy. In the privacy of his own room he installed himself comfortably in his arm-chair, struck a match, and prepared to extract deftly a cigarette from the mother-of-pearl case which held them. He pulled, but nothing came. He pulled again, and yet again. Suddenly the box gave way, a spring flew up, and there, in place of the coveted object, was a little, old man in harlequin costume, who saluted the disappointed smoker with a mocking gesture.

Abbé Duval laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, but he was determined not to betray the fact that he had been duped; so in the class-room he made no allusion whatever to the subject. Unhappily for him, his mischievous pupil, who was determined to have his money's worth, accosted him the next day as he passed a group of boys at recreation.

"Monsieur l'abbé," he asked, "how did you like my cigarettes?" And as Abbé Duval feigned ignorance, the sly rascal went on, "O, I know. You were caught like the rest. I fooled papa in the holidays, too."

I am lingering over these reminiscences which are, perhaps, interesting only to myself, but I cannot close the chapter without some reference to Abbé Haron, our professor in physics and chemistry. He was a noble-hearted man, so devoted to his pupils that he wore himself out in their service. Moreover, he was a type.

I must give his account of how he obtained his bachelor's degree.

"Up to the age of twenty-three," he said to us candidly, "I was a carpenter. It was not until then that I decided to become a priest. I took the course in Greek and Latin rather hurriedly, as you may imagine, both because of my age, and because I spent so much time on physics and mathematics, of which I was passionately fond. In consequence, when the time came for me to take the bachelor's examinations, I was by no means prepared for the one in literature, but the Bishop desired that we take them.

"So I had myself entered, and when the fateful day arrived, I presented myself in the hall, and soon set to work on my translation. There were many things which I did not remember, but there were two men near me who looked as if they were old hands at it, and so I glanced first to the right and then to the left, and when I saw anything which seemed reasonable, I put it down. And how do you think it turned out? Well, I passed, and they were both rejected!"

And the good man burst into his customary hearty laugh.

His fondness and admiration for the science of chemistry were unbounded, as the following incident will show.

He had just dictated a lesson on the subject. One of the class who had not studied hard enough, and who was afraid he would be punished, had managed to hide his note-book under his coat, and when the demonstration was over he asked permission to go out. It was granted, but as he crossed the court the professor followed him with a suspicious glance. In a few minutes the boy returned and sat down at his place. Abbé Haron fixed his eyes upon him, and marching straight up to him, pulled open his coat with a jerk, seized the *corpus delicti* and flung it into the middle of the room.

I well remember the scene. Huge Abbé Haron, red with anger, struggled to speak but could not utter a sound. At last, when his emotion had somewhat abated, he exclaimed, still trembling with rage, "It is unpardonable, unworthy, infamous, inconceivable, it is——" another word with the negative prefix did not present itself. At last, after a long pause, he concluded in a solemn and majestic tone, "You are not worthy to study chemistry!"

Was not that an effective climax?

As the result of my first year at school I received at the closing exercises six first and six second prizes. I was warmly congratulated by the rector and all my teachers. This was some compensation for the delinquencies of my first term. Early next morning Charles and I took the train for Paris, and that night at eleven o'clock Charles saw me off for Angers. He was obliged to return at once to Lyons.

I was as happy as I could be. I was on my way to my dear

Guitte, my elder sister, whom I loved as a mother, to Aunt Dumoulin, Mesnil, the Hutterie, old Rose, Cillette and Lexis, Tom and Fanfan, and all the familiar objects which absence had but served to render more dear. What excess of joy! And then Lucie, as a reward for my diligence at school, had given me that same morning a fine double-barelled Lafancheux, which was the fashion in hunting pieces at that period, and a superb two-year old setter, thoroughly trained. She was to be called Diana. That was already decided. The gun reposed in the rack of the railway carriage, and every minute or two I looked up to see if it were safe. Likewise at every stop I leaned out of the door to see that the guards did not hand my dog over to a stranger.

In my pocket was a letter to Marguerite from Abbé Lefort. I learned afterwards that in it he confided to her the result of his observations of my character. The substance of it was this: "He is a hard student, sincerely pious, but has strong passions and an intense nature. He will probably go to extremes either of good or of evil."

Chapter XII.—Broken Hearts.

Five o'clock in the morning! "Angers! Ten minutes' stop!" shouted the guard, opening the doors of the carriages.

"Ten minutes' stop! What are you talking about?" I thought to myself with delight. "Two months and four days' stop, you mean! School does not open until the fifth of October."

In an instant I had eagerly scanned the faces of the people standing on the platform. There was Marguerite waiting for me. I jumped out of the carriage, ran to her, and threw my arms around her neck. It was ten months since I had seen her, and we had never been separated before.

"Come," said Marguerite, after a moment. "They are all in a hurry to see you at home. I came over yesterday morning. Our wagon is here. The expressman will bring your trunk later. We could not take it in the phaeton anyway. Let's go!"

I followed her out of the station, my gun on my back, carrying my valise in one hand and pulling Diana along with the other. She was still bewildered by her long imprisonment in the bag-

gage car. The little wagon with Fanfan was standing outside. The intelligent animal knew me, and pushed up, harnessed as he was, to be petted.

In less than no time I had settled my dog on some straw in the bottom of the wagon, and jumped up to the seat where Marguerite had already taken her place. She had taken the left hand side so as to let me drive, just as she used to do when she was rewarding me for good behavior.

How good it was to be together once more, we two, little brother and big sister!

"Are you ready, Marguerite?"

"Yes. Drive on!"

"Get up, Fanfan!"

And off we flew, like the wind. It seemed as if Fanfan was in haste to carry his young master back to his own country. Woods, fields, and meadows passed by fast as lightning. I think we must have reached Mesnil in an hour and a quarter.

Meantime Marguerite inspected me with satisfaction. She found me taller, broader and more sturdy, but what rejoiced her heart the most was that she saw I was simple-minded and gay as of old.

"This is my same Paul," she said, "with his baby laugh and his big eyes, which look you square in the face."

I was very proud because I was now taller than she.

"You will have a cavalier, now," I said, laughing. "Whenever you like we can go out to parties."

But here we are at Saint-Laurent. Marguerite wanted to stop a few moments to show me to our old pastor, who was delighted to see his altar-boy once more. I was glad to go into the church for a minute. There was so much to thank God for! Then we got in again, and swept on, and in a few moments we were home.

Hurrah! Here we are! The avenue, the meadows, the Gemme and Mesnil!

At last we are home! I jump down, give my hand to Marguerite, and then throw my arms around Aunt Dumoulin, who had insisted on waiting until I came before setting about her daily occupations.

"How d'ye do, Aunt; Rose; Cillette. Well, Lexis! How

d'ye do, Tom? How d'ye do everybody! Here I am at last and for two whole months."

When I had been kissed, examined and measured to see how much I had grown, I was led into the dining-room, where breakfast was waiting—and such a breakfast! I would be eating still if I had been obliged to do justice to all the viands. And then I resumed once more my free out-door life, which soon brought back to my cheeks the color temporarily banished by the hot weather in Lyons and the long railway journey.

Excursions of all sorts, on foot and in the carriage, sometimes with Marguerite and sometimes without, hunting and fishing expeditions even with old Courteau, whom I was allowed to see now that I was good once more,—all these and many other pleasures combined to make a glorious vacation, of which, however, there is little to tell except that it passed with whirling rapidity.

I should mention an event which took place early in September, and which was of the gravest importance to Marguerite and to me. On that occasion my sister gave me a proof of the truly heroic efforts of which her devotion to me was capable.

It is to this sacrifice of hers, I am convinced, that I owe the very special grace which was one day to enable me to seek again the narrow path, and work out my salvation, if God, in His great mercy so willed it.

For some time past many offers of marriage had been received at Mesnil. Although my sister's fortune was small—insignificant indeed—her rare and solid virtues, unusual mental attainments, amiable disposition and the delicate charm of her appearance and of her manner made her most attractive, and many a mother ardently desired that her son might win her as his life's companion. Marguerite had always refused to entertain any of these propositions, and had responded that she was not thinking of marriage. At the time of which I speak she was nearly twenty-four, which led people to suppose that she would remain single, "wait on St. Catherine," as we put it.

The morning of the first of September—I well remember the date—I was up in my room at about half-past seven, getting ready to go out hunting, when I heard carriage wheels on the gravel of the avenue. I looked out the window to see who could be com-

ing at such an early hour, and to my amazement a coach, decorated with a coat-of-arms and drawn by two superb thorough-breds, drew up before the door. Madame de Saint-Julien got out, and went at once to Marguerite's room. The latter had just returned from Saint-Laurent, where she had been to Mass. As the countess often came to see my sister, I thought no more of it except to wonder at her choosing such an early hour, and whistling to Diana I started off to play havoc among the partridges.

When I returned just before noon, I saw the carriage going down the avenue of chestnuts and turning off toward Aulnaie.

"That is strange!" I said to myself. "The Comtesse de Saint-Julien was here nearly five hours! There must be something up, evidently."

Going up to my room, I met Marguerite coming out of hers. Her eyes were red, and she seemed much distressed.

"What is the matter?" I said. "What is troubling you?"

Her only answer was to clasp me in her arms and kiss me, at the same time bursting into tears. I was very much mystified and alarmed, but I dared not ask any more questions. Besides, the luncheon bell had rung, and my aunt was waiting for us.

Marguerite ate very little, and I noticed she had great trouble in controlling herself. As soon as the meal was over she went to her room and locked the door. I went up a few minutes later to ask if she were sick and if she wanted anything. Without opening the door she answered that she was well, but she wanted to be alone for a while. "Try and get a rabbit for me," she said. I could see that she wanted me out of the way.

"All right," I answered, "I'll go out," and I made ready to start off again. It was still so very hot, however, that I made up my mind to wait until later, and meantime I set to work to prepare some cartridges.

At three o'clock, just as I was about to start, what was my amazement to see the countess' carriage drive up the avenue at a round pace! Madame de Saint-Julien got out, and to my surprise she was followed by the pastor of Saint-Laurent. They asked for Marguerite, and Rose went in all haste to inform her. Soon I heard my sister open her door, and go down to receive her visitors. Much puzzled, I ran down to Rose in the kitchen.

"Do you know," I asked, "what all this means?"

"It means that we will have a fine wedding here before long, Monsieur Paul," said the good woman, clapping her old, wrinkled hands joyfully. "You will be coming back from Lyons with Monsieur Charles and his sweet little lady to see it! You'd better be waxing your pumps, Monsieur Paul, for there'll soon be dancing. Mamselle has always said 'No' until now, but I am thinking that now she will say a big 'Yes', or I am much mistaken."

"I suppose the old woman is right," I said to myself. "The countess loves Marguerite as if she were her own daughter, and she wants her to marry her son."

I think I have said that Monsieur René, who was about Charles' age, was the only child of the Comte and Comtesse de Saint-Julien. He was a lieutenant in the cuirassiers stationed at Nantes, and had just taken a month's leave of absence, which he was spending with his parents at Aulnaie.

At this juncture I was strongly tempted by curiosity. I wanted very much to know what was going on. I knew well that what I was about to do was not right, and I did not decide upon it all at once, but slowly crept upstairs toward my own room, which it will be remembered, opened into Marguerite's. The door had been left open a little, and I could hear all that transpired without letting my presence be known. I was supposed to be out hunting, and they did not scruple to speak out loud. I still hesitated, but at last curiosity got the better of me, and I went into my room on tip-toe.

Madame de Saint-Julien was speaking. There was no more doubt about it; she was urging my sister to accept Monsieur René's hand in marriage.

"You may rest assured, my little Marguerite," she was saying, "that you will be happy with us. Monsieur de Saint-Julien is truly attached to you, and sincerely admires you, and as for me, you know I could not love you more if you were my own child. Of that I have given you many proofs. Do not allow your delicacy to be offended by the thought that some people would call this a mésalliance for René. It is true that we have a considerable fortune, and you have nothing, or almost nothing. Our position

in society is higher than yours, if you will. But your fine qualities (let me speak freely this once, dear child, even if I do hurt your modesty), your fine character, all the lovable traits of your nature and that certain something about you which makes everyone love you, and the great happiness you will bring to all three of us in becoming one of the family,—all this much more than makes good any fancied discrepancy, and it will be you who are conferring the favor. If you were only to see my poor René! He has been miserable for eighteen months,—ever since you refused him the first time. He rarely speaks to me on the subject, for he is exquisitely reserved by nature, and shrinks from displaying his feelings, but I can see that he feels the dashing of his hopes more than I can tell, and I fear the consequences of a second refusal. Here, dear Marguerite, let me read you the letter my poor boy has written to you. He has made me his messenger and his advocate, and I know that he did himself great violence when he wrote these lines. He is pushed to the last extremity."

And the countess began to read Monsieur René's letter.

I do not know what became of this letter, and I no longer remember the exact terms in which it was couched, but I give the general sense of it.

The poor young man besought my sister to believe in the depth and sincerity of his affection. "My wealth is nothing," he wrote, "and I am the one who will be under everlasting obligations if you will give me your heart. Do not be afraid that I will try to change the purpose and manner of your life. I know that you live for God and the poor, and I will scrupulously respect the occupations to which you devote your time, leaving you full freedom to go wherever your charity directs your steps, and only asking that I may sometimes be your companion and learn from you how to help the unfortunate. Excuse the awkward manner in which I express myself, Mademoiselle," he added, "I could face my squadron with far less timidity. If you dread society," he said, further, "you are alarmed without cause. I will be only too glad to break with any associations which would not be in accord with the manner of life you elect."

Then Monsieur René spoke of me: "I fear very much that your brother is the chief obstacle to my happiness. You have

devoted your life to the child, and I am told that you believe that it would be breaking the vow you made at your mother's death-bed, were you to allow any other interest to interfere with your care for him. Be reassured on this point. I am confident I can relieve your anxiety. I swear to you before God to look upon Paul as my oldest son, and to make him joint heir to my fortune with the children it may please Providence to send us. I hope this explanation will satisfy you in every respect, and that the Good Lord will inspire you not to break my heart by a second refusal. If, however, you are not to be moved, I shall not put an end to myself. I know my duty as a Christian. But my life will be a blank, and I shall not know where to turn. In a short time I shall receive my captaincy, and be transferred to another regiment. I shall then ask to be sent to the Crimea on the next transport. Happy for me if God permits a Russian shell or bullet to put an end to my misery, so that by dying in the service of my country I may end a life which without you is to me unbearable."

I heard Marguerite sobbing. Then she said, "I cannot! I cannot! O, how you are making me suffer!"

"Why, my dear Marguerite," said Abbé Aubry, urging her in his turn, "you exaggerate your obligations. I know very well it is the delicacy of your conscience which prevents you from accepting so suitable an offer. Believe me, my child, you have fulfilled your duty to Paul a hundred times over; and moreover, from the time that Monsieur René adopts him as his son he does not cease to be your child. He acquires another guardian, or rather, a father. What more could you wish!

"And then, think well, my daughter, you will become a person of power and influence. Ten or twelve millions is the amount at which the fortune of the Comte de Saint-Julien is estimated. I do not speak thus to tempt you with the attractions of money. That would indeed be most unworthy of a priest. But, consider, you who do so much even with your limited means, what would you be able to accomplish with this immense fortune at your disposal? The more so that your husband and his parents could have no greater happiness than that of making all your benevolent ideas a reality and dispensing charity through your hands. No, my child; no, Marguerite! you have not the right to refuse!"

Marguerite was still silent.

"My child, my dear, dear daughter," cried the countess, "take pity on us! Surely you are not going to drive my son away from me? You see what he says. Unless you accept him, he will leave for the Crimea!"

At last my sister spoke. He voice was altered and trembling, and now and then she was interrupted by her tears.

"Oh," she said, with a great effort. "You do not understand. You have never understood. God alone knows what I am undergoing! I know that duty does not demand this of me, but sometimes one must go farther than mere duty. What the future of my brother will be I do not know, but I fear it will be full of dangers for a soul whose passions are so intense that they will certainly lead him into constant temptations. Perhaps, in order that he may have the grace necessary to save his soul another must always be ready to suffer and even, if necessary, to die for him. The day my parents died, and I was left to take the place of a mother to the child, I offered up my life and all my happiness in this world, if that should be in God's eyes the price of Paul's eternal salvation. But were I to become a wife and mother, my heart would be divided, for I know I should love my husband and my children with all my strength. Paul would no longer hold the first place in my affections, and if his soul were in danger I would no longer,—it would no longer be right for me to die for him, because I would be bound by other and more sacred ties."

"What a treasure we are losing!" exclaimed the countess. "O my boy, my poor René!"

"We must submit," said Abbé Aubry.

At this point I could restrain myself no longer, and suddenly opening the door, I ran to Marguerite and threw my arms around her. "All this for me," I cried, "never, never! I would be the most ungrateful brother in the world if I let you make such a sacrifice. Do, dear Guitte, say, 'Yes,' and make us all happy. I ask you in Father's and Mother's name. They look down on us now from heaven and they know you have truly kept your promise. Do not be afraid for me. I swear to you I will always be a faithful Christian, and you will never have to worry about my soul. *Now* you will say, 'Yes'; won't you?"

I can say with perfect truth that the idea of being heir to millions played no part with me. I knew no more about three per cents than a Huron. To live in the country and to have a dog and a gun and plenty of ammunition was to me the height of bliss; so my interference was entirely disinterested.

So there were the Abbé Aubry, Madame de Saint-Julien and I all pleading. The poor countess made one last attempt. "My daughter," she said, "take pity on my son René!"

Marguerite shuddered as if cut to the heart. "Speak to me no more of René!" she exclaimed. "Don't you see that I love him, and that my heart struggles for him against itself with unspeakable violence? Could you not see that when I stayed away from Aulnaie and deprived myself as often as I could of your kindness, it was in order to protect myself against the attachment which I saw was beginning and which would be in the way of my accomplishing my task? But how could I guard against the great qualities and noble character of Monsieur René which attracted me and aroused my sympathy in spite of myself? And because of all this two hearts are broken for always." Then, drawing me to her and clasping me to her heart, she said, "Here is my son! I will never have any other!"

JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

PROTESTANTISM IN ITS LATEST METAMORPHOSIS.[1]

THE two subjects with which, in the present series of Reformation Studies, we have been hitherto occupied, are,—

(*a*) The *root-concept* of Protestant, as distinguished from Catholic Christianity.

(*b*) The *gist* of what, in Protestant parlance, is often called *par excellence* the "Gospel."

Of these, the first, as we have seen, lies in an assumed impotence of the human will, so great as to obliterate the idea of responsibility; the second, in an assurance that, as we are unable

[1] See articles "Heirloom of the Protestant Reformation" in THE DOLPHIN for April, June, July, September, November, 1903.

ourselves to do anything toward our own salvation, we may safely rely on God to do all things.

The special conception of Christianity so arrived at is one which, as we have further perceived, does not stand alone; for its affinities give it a place in the great group of Pantheisms, whose members all of them possess one feature in common,—that of recognizing in a *Single Will only*, the character of an efficient determinant.

So far as the more immediate issues of the Reformed doctrine were concerned, these may, it has been further pointed out, be roughly summed up under two headings:—namely,

(1) A fundamental alteration of the Catholic doctrine of the Sacraments, in so far as this testified to a capacity on man's part for avoiding sin and becoming objectively sanctified.

(2) A growth of just such a degree of individual license as the inculcation of a subjective standard only in faith and morals would be bound to bring with it.

The incapacity which thus lay in the nature of Protestantism for acting as a restraining power on its disciples, proved, nevertheless, a very effective agent in influencing the course of its own future history; for not only did it constitute the chief obstacle to success which the Reformed doctrine had to contend against, but, owing to the manifold scandals and difficulties thus occasioned, it supplied to this also its main incentive toward further division and alteration.

In the changes which thus ensued two main lines declared themselves; namely, that preferred by Luther,—of pleading "not guilty" to the charge of antinomianism, on the ground that the "saved" might trust confidently in God to provide for them a seemly accompaniment of good works; and that which was adopted in the interests of moral law and order by Calvin,—in this latter case, a certain portion of mankind being sacrificed, as pre-ordained from all eternity, to damnation; while, on behalf of the "elect," a divine *reversal* of the natural action of the human will was postulated, in virtue of which this was supposed to become changed from an automatic instrument for evil into an automatic instrument for good.

Of these two expedients, each brought its own consequences —in Lutheranism, a chronic tendency being set up toward the formation of pietistic sub-sects, inner circles of the more devout; while in Calvinism the maintenance of a rigid rule of external conduct became possible, through the assumption that in a good life lay, though not the cause, still the *token*, which marked off the "sheep" from the "goats."

But important as this difference was, it still covered a resemblance yet more so. The essential character of Protestantism, as a member of the "one-will" religious group, that is to say, was in no way affected by it; since by the Calvinist, as little as by the Lutheran, method of accounting for "fruits of faith" was any *voluntary* coöperation of the human will with the Divine Will called in.

It is not toward the past of Protestantism, however, but to its future, that our attention must now be turned; to the direction, namely, in which specifically Protestant Christianity is at present visibly moving.

The fact that a curious, and at first sight paradoxical, transformation is discernible at many points as coming over the older Protestant orthodoxy, is one which nobody to whom this class of subject is at all interesting, can fail to have noticed; and if now we examine the main features of this new development, together with the causes which have been at work in producing it, we shall see that precisely the same principle which four centuries since asserted itself by means of the Lutheran Gospel, is now reasserting itself, in the shape of an unmistakably pantheistic transcendentalism.

The "Greater Church," "Reconceived Christianity," "The Church of the Free Mind"—to mention a few of the names that have been bestowed upon it—is distinguished from Christianity in its more usually accepted interpretations by two main differences, each of which, it may also be seen, necessarily involves the other. For on the one hand, "God" here figures, not as the creative God of Christianity,—Self-existent, Self-contained, and eternally independent of all creatures, but as a "Will," an "Over-soul," a "Mind," an "Essence,"—infinite in quality, and of which all finite existences are continuous extensions.

With this changed conception of God, the conception of Christ necessarily becomes changed also. For Christ, as the Second Person of the Christian Trinity—as being "True God of True God" in any special sense—there is here obviously no room; and, as a matter of fact, it is one of the main features of this new religion, that it desires us to look upon "the historical Jesus," so far as His essential nature goes, as not in any way differing from ourselves. The manner in which, on the contrary, He is represented as thus differing being, not in the possession of a Divinity such as we can never aspire to share, but in the exceptional manifestation of a divinity which, potentially, though none the less essentially, is really ours already.

The Office of Christ, like His Personality, has also a change to undergo. True, as a *supremely perfect specimen of our common humanity*, He is still regarded as having left us an "ensample that we might follow His steps;" but the quality of this "ensample" becomes something altogether different. The end, that is to say, which He has Himself accomplished, is supposed to differ in nothing from the end which we are to accomplish also: for just as in His case it was through the complete suppression of a "lower self" that the underlying divinity is assumed to have been revealed, so, too, in our case it is from a like cause that we are to expect a like result.

This new Christianity, it must be noted, sedulously lays claim to the privilege of continuing, only on a higher plane, the work of the Protestant Reformation; and it is no great wonder, therefore, if we find a very fundamental principle of the latter actively engaged within it.

As regarded by the older Protestantism, the climax of human attainment is held conditional on the suppression of a lower source of energy, in order to make way for a higher one; for example, man's will must be reduced to quiescence, in order to make way for God's Will; and it is precisely the same conception which meets us in this newer Protestantism, when it connects the manifestation of an *Immanent Divinity*, whether in Christ or in His "fellow-men," with the suppression, more or less complete, of an inferior element in the "self"—of a *residuum*, as this is pictured, of some lower or pre-human stage of existence.

It is in the presence on both sides of this particular factor of "substitution" that we find a working-link existing between the older Protestant Gospel and its modern representative; and to see how readily the former is thus fitted to pass into the latter, we need only examine the "higher" or more sublimated type of "Evangelical" teaching, as this becomes specially addressed to the "converted."

Following on the Lutheran trend, above alluded to, we find that here it is only to an *inner circle of the more devout* that the "Gospel promises," in their fullest extent, become applied; to those, that is to say, who, far from retaining any inclination "to use their liberty as a cloak of maliciousness," desire, as the phrase is, a "full and perfect Christ." To such the assurance is conveyed that as to the "shewing forth of the gift that is in them," they need be under no uneasiness; for, precisely in the same manner as they have been already *justified* by the imputation of Christ's righteousness, they are to hold themselves as already *sanctified* by the imputation of His holiness. Potentially, that is to say, the latter is to be accounted as much their own as the former;—if it does not *appear* such, this being owing to the fact that they have not, to speak colloquially, as yet allowed it "to get to work."

The Protestant Gospel, as we are aware, in its dealings with the "unconverted," pictures the "Righteousness" of Christ as a garment, put on outside the sinful soul; the "Holiness" of Christ,on the contrary,when applied in like manner to the "converted," taking the form of an independent, self-acting principle within it;—"of corn cast into the ground"—"leaven hid in the meal"—of something which needs only not to be stifled or interfered with to bear its own perfect qualities. Instead of "the transformation of the body of our lowness until it is made like unto the body of Christ's glory," another and quite different notion is introduced. St. Paul's metaphor is reversed; and for a wild olive branch grafted into a good tree, we have a good olive branch set in a wild stock, and making this seem to produce a crop which does not really belong to it.

How wide a door is thus set open between these two systems is almost too obvious to need pointing out. On either side two

forces are supposed present, of which the lower can only "make for righteousness" by letting the higher one act instead of it. In one case it is human nature, or the "old Adam," which has to thus make way for Christ; in the other it is an inferior element—a sort of "waste product"—in human nature, which the action of a higher element, whose supreme manifestation is in Christ, is called on to supersede.

Where, as both in Protestant theology and Protestant devotion, an almost exclusive stress is laid on the character of Christ as the "Saviour," the similarity of these two conceptions very greatly outweighs their difference; a slight amount of readjustment will enable them to coalesce; and the "higher human element" will then take its place unquestioned, as "the Man from Heaven," —the "New Adam,"—the "Something," which cannot choose but act divinely, because it is itself divine. A proof of this internal sympathy, if one were wanting, may be found in the fact that it is only in soils specifically Protestant that the new theology has at all freely taken root: Scotch and American Calvinism, together with German and English Evangelicanism, being responsible, immediately or remotely, for its more striking growth.

In the examples which follow, the features above mentioned will be found illustrated.

An interesting volume of essays dealing with this subject has been lately published by the Rev. K. C. Anderson, Minister of Ward Chapel, Dundee, under the title of *The Larger Faith*,[2] and though, owing to a seeming want of acquaintance on the writer's part with Catholic, as apart from sectarian theology, his diagnosis as to the origin and relationships of the new movement is often faulty, yet in so far as he confines himself to its connection with Protestant Christianity only, everything which he has to say is altogether to the point.

"In what"—Mr. Anderson thus asks at starting,[3]—"does the change really consist, which has come over the religion of the nineteenth century?" And he replies, "that it is nothing less than a change in our conception of God Himself," in our viewing God no longer, as used to be the case, as an external artificer, who, having made and wound up the world, still occasionally

[2] Published by Charles Black, London, 1904. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 85.

meddles with or tries to mend it,—but as an Indwelling and Formative Principle, whose relationship to the universe as a whole is that of the human soul to the human body.

Man on this view becomes in his essence akin to God—not made but in the making—with dormant possibilities of divinity inherent in him. The moral laws are not God's edicts or statutes; they are the laws no less of man's nature than of God's nature, for the two natures are one; while religion consequently is obedience not to a system of rules and beliefs, imposed from without, but to laws which, written large in the universe, are written still larger in the human soul.

Humanity being thus in itself "consubstantial" with the Eternal Source of all things, the place which Christ fills in this scheme is next modified to correspond.

If we would "account for Jesus,"[4] we are told, we must do so in the same and only way in which we can account for the higher life in man: *e.g.*, "by humbly and gladly owning the Divine in the human. . . . It was the humanity of Jesus that was divine. His supreme service to the race has been that He revealed the Divine in the human, thus opening up and clearing the way of a true life." This large, this truly Divine humanity was, however, too early eclipsed by the adoring speculations of the first followers of Jesus as to His Divinity; and it has thus become the privilege of the Larger Faith to restore, for the first time in the history of Christianity, honor where it is really due; namely, by recognizing Jesus as a sharer with us, His brethren, in the Life of God; as incarnate God, that is to say, in precisely the same sense, as we, if we duly follow His steps, may become each of us Incarnate God likewise.

The true meaning of the "great doctrine of the Incarnation," as we thus learn, is no less than it has always been, *God manifest in the flesh*;[5] but whereas the error in the older theology lay in the restriction of this manifestation to the person of Christ, now, through the wider outlook of the new theology, we are enabled to perceive in it the never ceasing process by which God manifests Himself in the common life of humanity at large; or, as we find it on another occasion expressed—"in its more limited sense, the

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 270.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 124.

Incarnation is the manifestation of the life of God in Jesus; but, in its wider meaning, it is the symbol of universal Divine indwelling—of the universal Incarnation of God in humanity."

The "Larger Faith" here shows itself as it has been developed out of Scotch Calvinism; but an outgrowth very closely related to it may be found flourishing with a positively rank luxuriance on the sub-soil of New England Puritanism.

"One of the doctrinal sources of the 'Mind Cure Philosophy,'" says Professor William James,[6] "is the Four Gospels—another is Emersonian, or New England Transcendentalism,—another Spiritism, with its messages of law—progress—development. . . . Its notion of man's higher nature," he continues, "diverges from that of ordinary Christians in being decidedly pantheistic. The spiritual in man is partly conscious but chiefly sub-conscious, and through the sub-conscious part of it he is viewed as already one with the Divine."

The following passages, as given by Professor James, in an abridged form from a work by a writer of this school,[7] are very much to our present purpose:

"The great central fact of the universe is the spirit of infinite life and power that is back of all—that manifests itself in and through all. The spirit of infinite power that is back of all is what I call God. I care not what term you may use, be it 'Kindly Light,' 'Providence,' the 'Oversoul,' 'Omnipotence,' or whatever terms may be most convenient; so long as we are agreed in the great central fact itself. God then fills the universe alone, so that all is from Him, and in Him and there is nothing that is outside . . . He is the life of our life, our very life itself. We are partakers of the life of God; and though we differ from Him in that we are individualized spirits where He is the Infinite Spirit—yet in essence the life of God and the life of man are identically the same and are one. They differ, not in essence or quality; they differ in degree."

Again:

"The great central fact in human life is the coming into a conscious vital realization of our oneness with His infinite life, and the

[6] *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 94 inf.

[7] W. R. Trine, *In Tune with the Infinite*, New York, 1899. See *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 100.

opening of ourselves to this divine inflow. In just the degree that we come into a conscious realization of our oneness with the Infinite Life, and open ourselves to this Divine inflow, do we actualize in ourselves the qualities and powers of the Infinite Life ;—do we make ourselves channels through which the Divine Intelligence and Power can work. . . . *To recognize our own divinity and our intimate relation to the universal, is to attach the belts of our machinery to the power-house of the universe.*"

Passages to this effect from "Mind Cure" and "Christian Science" literature might be multiplied indefinitely, for this sort of writing literally teems with them.

The *nexus* which exists between "Reconceived Christianity" of this sort, and Evangelical Protestantism, has been already indicated; while for the character of the relationship which binds it to the pre-Reformation quietist and Gnostic systems the reader may be referred to Part V of the present series.

But why, is the question which now suggests itself, should this particular religious change, of which the elements in the Reformed Gospel were never potentially absent, have begun to show itself just when it did, and not (except sporadically) a great deal sooner? What have been the proximate causes which, so late in the day, have contributed to bring it on a large scale into action?

To this inquiry the answer lies, to begin with, in the fact that for the "spirit of Protestantism," as for all living things, periods of rest and growth naturally follow one another. After the ferment of the Reformation had subsided, a period of comparative stability, of arrested development, set in; to be succeeded during the last century by a fresh period of change; and, if we look for the more immediate occasion of the latter, we shall find it in the realization which began to be forced by unremitting pressure on Protestant Christianity, that the offices which had been imposed by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, upon the Scriptures, is an office which no merely "Written Word" is competent to fulfil.

Some of us may perhaps remember the ship's crew in the story of "Sindbad the Sailor," who, going ashore on the back of a sleeping whale, under the impression that it was an island, lit a fire there, and were just making themselves comfortable when the creature apprised them of their mistake by diving to the bottom

of the sea. Protestantism, in casting off the authority of the Church, to substitute for it that of the Bible, had acted something in the same way, and similarly, if not so suddenly, the logic of fact revenged itself.

Fifty or sixty years since, a large class of educated and thoughtful persons still existed, for whom the Catholic Church figured either as a lumber-shed for mediæval superstition, or else was below the religious horizon altogether; and amongst such, when the battle of the last century between "religion and science" began to grow hot, there were necessarily many to whom the then "Liberal" school of theology seemed to offer the only possible refuge from scepticism or materialism.

In this school, the rise of which dated from the earlier part of the century, elements both of evangelicalism and of the older rationalism had become fused together, by an admixture of Kantian idealism. Its leaders were optimistic, the rise of its influence had been a rapid one; and among its aims, that of minimizing the supernatural and dogmatic in Christianity had always been prominent.

Amongst the more thoughtful Protestants of fifty years ago, anxiety was becoming acute, as to how the ethical and spiritual benefits of the Christian creed might be preserved, when the documents on which its facts had been supposed altogether to depend were being riddled with hostile interpretations; and the remedy now proposed by the Liberal theology was a simple one. "Lay aside," it said virtually, "everything in the Gospel history which seems too miraculous, and then see if the rest will not be strong enough to stand alone."

The experiment sounded feasible. Many hands exercised themselves in carrying it out; and a professedly "Broad" school of divinity rose into quite new importance, both within and without the English Establishment. But although hope at first ran high, the results as a whole were disappointing. Christianity having been shorn of its supernatural character, what was natural ceased at the same time to be unique. As a widener of the rents in Christian belief the new theology had left nothing to be desired; but its part as a conservative oracle proved that of a mere wind-bag; and it was only when the attention of many of its

disciples became turned from theology to philosophy, that the real character of its utility as a stepping-stone toward a fresh conception of Christianity altogether was rendered apparent.

The fact that Christianity simply *de-supernaturalized* must remain a dead weight on the hands of its supporters, had during the sixties and seventies of the last century been growing very plain; and that *supernatural* Christianity could not be merely "Bible Christianity" had become abundantly plain likewise. But *spiritual* Christianity—this would be quite a different thing; and if this were tried, who could not say what might not be the happy results?

The *dictum* according to which "Religion is purely spiritual" is a condensed expression of Gnosticism, which during the Reformation period had passed into a Protestant commonplace. To minds whose religious ideas have been derived mainly through Protestant sources, the notion thus covered is one which clings like a garment; and for enterprise in this direction there was room enough and to spare.

The Ideal school of philosophy, as represented by the later followers of Kant and Hegel, had, by the last quarter of the nineteenth century, almost, if not altogether, taken the place of the older Positivism. Essentially pantheistic in its nature, this philosophy belongs to the same family tree of which Protestantism four hundred years since began life as an offshoot; and the two are connected not only by this tie of blood-relationship, but because the former supplies a genuine metaphysical basis for the latter.

To the neo-Kantian and neo-Hegelian ranks the Broad Church theology had been long in the habit of remitting a portion of its followers; and it was with the assistance thus available that Christianity became submitted to a transcendentalizing process, in the course of which it was lifted too far above the basis of actual fact to remain vulnerable to any sort of objective criticism whatever.

This "defacation" of the Christian creed to a "pure transparency" has, we are told, revivified its dry bones, and given it a new lease of life. If so, if what we have here is really the "Religion of the Future," and is really "come to stay," then with a very good right we may inquire what its practical advantages are likely to be; what it has to offer in exchange for all it deprives us of.

To this sort of question as a rule the advocates of the cult find a certain difficulty in replying; but there is at least one answer which they do not commonly give, and which may be here adduced, because it lies absolutely on the surface.

Whatever the "Religion of the Future" is *not*, one thing it undoubtedly *is*; and this, despite all the disclaimers of those who do not like the title;—it is a pantheism,—a pantheism of the most uncompromising description; and like all pantheisms it possesses a *specific attraction*, in which no form of theism can ever rival it.

Theism as a "two will" religion, and Pantheism as a "one will" religion, make different demands on humanity. Always laboriously, often painfully, theism requires that a man shall mould his own will into some measure of conformity to the Will of God; while Pantheism asks nothing, can ask nothing, except that a something, which it calls "the Divine Will or Purpose in each of us," shall be given the rein.

The promise, "Ye shall be as gods," was, according to the ancient Gnostic tradition, uttered by an emissary of the Kingdom of Light and Life; and it has lost none of its older persuasiveness by being repeated in modern dress. To the subtler sorts of spiritual pride, the invitation to regard the "self" as a "vehicle" for Divine action pure and simple,—to view the "power-house of the universe,"—as the American writer above quoted quaintly phrases it,—engaged alone in the working of our machinery,—has in it for many minds something infinitely flattering and attractive. It is in the invitation or permission thus conveyed that there lies the specific attraction of all pantheisms, and of all pantheistic mysticisms und quietisms; and it is with this invitation still in its hands that the neo-Pantheism of the present time has again come before us.

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MORE CHAPTERS FROM THE CHRONICLE OF TOOMEVARA.

Our Grandees.

LORD DUNANWAY is our only resident, or rather occasionally resident, nobleman; and though we are great on pedigree in Toomevara, and do not think his family at all equal to that of the De Lacys, or the Lysaghts, yet in virtue of his title, which dates from 1800, when his grandfather became "a Union Lord," and of the fact that he owns the greater part of the land about, he bulks large in our estimation. A slight, clean-shaven, dapper man, very precise in manner, nature meant him to be a typical London "man about town," while the irony of fate decreed that he should be an Irish country gentleman. The amusements that he prefers are not to be had in Toomevara for love or money. He is fond of the theatre, of club-life, of classical music. In consequence he lives as little as may be at Roundwood, which is often shut up for months at a time. When the Dunanways spend a few months there, it is with a view to economizing sufficiently to enable them to go abroad, for, thanks to the extravagance of the second lord, the estate is encumbered. Educated at Eton and Oxford, and afterward holding for a few years a commission in a crack regiment—which still further crippled his finances—Lord Dunanway dislikes Toomevara, and cannot understand its people. He looks on himself as a stranger amongst them, and feels infinitely more at home in London or Monte Carlo. The climate, the dreariness, the lack of congenial society, the fact that his visits are invariably associated with a need for pinching and retrenchment, all combine to make him look on residence there as exile. He is not the type of man likely to throw in his lot with his tenants, to teach them, to help them to develop, to pity ignorance, or sympathize with misfortune in an antipathetic and sordid guise. If one knows how to take him, he is an excellent fellow. Despite the accident of birth, he is not, however, an Irishman. All his virtues are English virtues. All his faults, English faults.

He is full of English ideas, and English ideas are admirable —in England and for the English; but to better its condition Toomevara needs something different, which Lord Dunanway is unwilling or unable to supply. He cannot see why methods that

answer in one place should not answer in another. Honorable, truthful, limited, obstinate, and uncompromising, he is devoid of the power of putting himself in the place of an opponent, or seizing his point of view. He has not even the desire to attempt it. Being convinced that his ways and his opinions are right, it follows as a matter of course that persons whose ways and opinions are different must be wrong, and to his mind it would, therefore, be waste of time to listen to them or consider their arguments. Those who, like Mr. La Touche, have dealings with him about matters in dispute, are struck by the hopelessness of trying to make him understand.

He has certain cut-and-dried formulæ that, to his mind, explain all Irish phenomena, and every manifestation of popular discontent or popular sentiment is, so to say, docketed and pigeonholed in his mind under one heading or other. He labors under the not uncommon delusion that to account for a disease and to give it a name is the same thing as curing it. Guided by his profound belief in Irish unreason, he never listens, and goes his own way serenely; and as he is on the whole inoffensive and well-disposed, he is not disliked, though he can scarcely be called popular. He would, perhaps, have got on better with the people but for his wife, the daughter of an Irish bishop, and a woman of pronounced Low Church views. Rightly or wrongly, she is suspected of proselytism, and certain well-meaning efforts of hers to establish a much-needed night-school and technical classes fell through in consequence. The people believed that the price of training would be the abandonment of their religion. They preferred to sacrifice worldly advantages. Lady Dunanway often speaks of her failure, and attributes it to the incurable laziness of her tenants. She took the part of the banished clergyman in the famous dispute about the registration of a foundling, and this, in the first instance, rendered her an object of suspicion, coupled with the belief that, but for her influence, her husband would probably have made peace with his sister, Mrs. Lysaght. Indeed, to Lady Dunanway her husband's indifference in religious matters is a subject of frequent remonstrance. She says he is "light-minded," a charge no one could bring against her, and his taste for amusement seems to her sinful.

When the Dunanways are at home they lead local society, and intimacy with them is the hall-mark of Toomevara gentility. They have, however, official and unofficial acquaintance, amongst the latter being reckoned such small fry, from the point of view of county society, as Mrs. Toulmin and Tom Connolly, who knows more about their doings, sayings, character, and opinions than anyone at Roundwood suspects. Lady Dunanway entertains on a very modest scale, giving one or two garden parties during her stay. Her principal friends are the Newtons, the Burrows, the Vernons, and the Gilchreests.

In Toomevara we are all interested in each other, even when we are not on speaking terms. At the same time there is little social intercourse, because the richest amongst us are not rich enough to give many large entertainments, and, unfortunately, to invite any without inviting all our acquaintance gives mortal offence. According to the unwritten laws that govern our conduct in such matters, it is permissible to ask a single person to tea or to dinner, or to spend the evening, but two guests constitute a party, and those who give a party should ask everyone. To this rule there is no exception. The affair becomes noised abroad, all Toomevara that did not receive an invitation is offended, and no excuses, no explanations, no apologies atone for the offence. It naturally follows that guests are generally asked singly, and have to depend for amusement on such entertainment as their host and his family afford.

Those of us who lay claim to good family—family is a serious thing in Toomevara, though unbacked by an acre of land—and keep up relations with the county are very exclusive. We extend our acquaintance to persons whose official position renders them eligible, as, for instance, to the County Inspector of Constabulary, the Bank Managers, who are people to propitiate, the County Surveyor—if he be "nice"—and the Protestant clergyman. Their admission to intimacy depends on their birth, and more particularly on their wives. We take one man to our heart, and receive his successor with cool politeness.

Accent counts for a great deal in Toomevara. It is taken as *prima facie* evidence of gentility. A man who is a Protestant, a Conservative, is well dressed, and blessed with "an English ac-

cent," will be received almost without question by the most exclusive, if he be anything better than a land steward. This, of course, applies only to strangers. Those who belong to the county, whose position is acknowledged and secure, do not care how they look nor how they talk. Very queer figures some of the older gentry are, with a brogue as broad as a peasant's, and a self-confidence that nothing can shake. Mr. Newton, the High Sheriff, for instance, walks through the town carrying a fish, or a clucking hen he has purchased, and wearing a coat Billy, the Beggarman, might scorn.

In a town where no one is rich, in whose neighborhood only one nobleman dwells, dividing social lines have to be plainly marked, and, as it were, re-marked by the untitled from time to time by means of a judicious mixture of haughtiness when dealing with their inferiors. Otherwise—who could tell—the wealthier tradespeople, infected by the modern democratic spirit, might pretend to ignore distinctions of which in their hearts they are conscious, and presume on their money. This would be too dreadful to contemplate, for, as we are fond of saying, money is not everything. Thanks to their family and their haughtiness, Mrs. Burrows of Inch, and Mrs. O'Brien of The Castle, were, in the eighties, acknowledged great ladies of whose custom Toulmin and Connolly were proud, though the Burrows had met with reverses, and though Mrs. O'Brien's income did not exceed eight hundred a year. They felt they were of different clay from Toulmin and Connolly, and showed it more plainly than they would have done had they been richer. When their antique barouches rattled up to The Diamond they did not descend, but required our two principal tradesmen to attend them bare-headed, and stand obsequiously while they examined patterns, matched wool, or gave orders for groceries. They got their way, too, through sheer force of will, though, as Mrs. Toulmin said to her friends, Mrs. Burrows was a nobody before her marriage.

At the same time, as love of gossip overrides class distinctions, the ladies are not above being curious as to the exact amount of Nora Connolly's fortune, and the price of the tailor-made gown her father has ordered for her from Dublin, and discuss such details eagerly with Miss Gannon. They sneer a little at " the folly

of such people," and of course this is repeated. The Connollys, on their part, chafe not a little in secret at the attitude of Mrs. Burrows and Mrs. O'Brien. The former, indeed, is in their debt, and though Connolly is too cautious a man to express his opinion publicly, in the bosom of his family he often inveighs against the pride of "th' ould calliagh"[1] that he "could buy an' sell."

Apart from the ranks of those amongst us who claim to represent Society, and are eligible for membership in the local Tennis Club, there is practically no social intercourse and no amusement. People belonging to the same profession or trade do not recognize each other. Our principal business men are often at daggers drawn though they can not be considered rivals. At the best, people are "civil and strange." With many this is owing to fear of being mixed up in the disputes that so frequently arise in little towns, thanks to the dulness, the want of wide outlook, and the ignoble exertions of tale-bearers, not infrequently persons of devout habits.

At the same time, the good folks in Toomevara are and have always been warm-hearted—none warmer in the world. They remember a kindness for years and pay it back a hundredfold. They are always helping individuals, or responding to appeals from the priests or the nuns, or lending money to someone in want. If misfortune overtake a family, everyone comes forward to subscribe out of narrow means to a fund to set them on their feet by means of a "Testimonial," or to succor a widow and orphans. They even give liberally to erect monuments to patriotic townsmen deceased. Death levels the social and political distinctions to which at ordinary times we are prone. A "wake" often ends a feud.[2] We make it a point of honor to attend funerals, and when any business man is interred even Lord Dunanway sends his carriage, empty, but with drawn blinds, as for a grief too deep to bear the light.

Our "Characters."

Toomevara has always abounded in "characters." Most of them are mad, or at least "touched," as the people put it. "Billy,

[1] Hag.

[2] We all call at the "dead-house" and talk of letting bygones be bygones.

the Beggarman," however, is sane enough, and has a reputation as a wit. His sayings are quoted and passed from mouth to mouth. Of O'Brien, the baker, who is proverbially unsuccessful in all that he undertakes, Billy remarked, "Sure, if it rained *stirabout*, he wouldn't have a skillet to catch it." He is a great enemy of Mrs. McCullogh, whom he looks on as inclined to get beyond her station. Her dress irritates him. "I knew that wan," he said, "when she hadn't as much clothes on her as would stuff a crutch, an' now if you were firing duck shot at her for a week, a grain wouldn't touch her skin." He has an old sister as talkative as himself and is very severe on her loquacity, remarking that she is "terr'ble gabby." Once when she had said something to Mr. Newton that did not meet with her brother's approval, Billy apologized for her thus: "Don't mind her, y'r honor. Sure, since she lost her teeth, she has no guard on her tongue."

"Tom the Fool," runs messages and cleans boots for a dozen families, but at times is seized with fits of furious anger and then, seizing a knife, chases the children who mock or call after him. Another character is "Mad Miss French," a tall, wild-eyed, haggard woman, dressed with a pitiful assumption of juvenility in the most incongruous garments, a muslin frock, an old, fur jacket and a gaudy bonnet. On her hands she wears apologies for gloves, with no palms. Without these she is never seen, for gentility is her foible. The poor soul lost her reason long, long ago, people say, through an unhappy love affair, followed by the news that a fraudulent trustee had embezzled her little fortune. She moves through the crowd unheeding the country-folk who regard her with mingled fear, pity, and respect, but if she meets Mrs. Lysaght, Mrs. Burrows, or Mrs. O'Brien, or the Stewarts of Silvertown, she advances mincingly to the carriage and cries, "Spare a copper for a reduced gentlewoman, my lady." She is always about the town, generally standing at Miss Toulmin's door. The bank clerks make fun of her and try to persuade her that one of their number, the youngest, or the latest arrival, is in love with her, an assurance "the craycher," as the townspeople call her, receives with much gravity and many regrets that her affections are unalterably engaged elsewhere. She is a good-natured soul, too, prompt to pick up a fallen child and soothe his cries by the gift of a half-penny

out of her poverty. She is kind even to the couple of poor outcasts whom all Toomevara regard with horror, and pays for a loaf for one of them every day, at O'Brien's shop.

"Kitty from Carrick" is another well-known figure, and, despite his nickname, is a huge, swarthy man, dressed in a curious mingling of male and female attire, a petticoat, a waistcoat, and an old, frieze top-coat. He carries a big stick, and is much feared by the children. Report says he was very rich. He disappears at intervals. He says himself, "I do be thravellin'." Once on a time "Kitty" used to come to Toomevara carrying on his back his mother, a shrivelled, dwarfish, witch-like, old woman, but she has been dead many years at the time of which we write, and he himself is growing old, though still a sturdy beggar who claims the best seat by a peasant's fire as his right, and tells wonderful stories of the ghosts, pookas, and fairies he has met in his time.

Beggars indeed are a privileged class in Toomevara. They come into houses unasked, with the cheery salutation "God save all here," and sit them down by the hearth. Long ago, if they liked the family and the fare provided, it was their custom to announce their intention of staying some time in their comfortable quarters by the simple process of removing their shoes. This, however, has died out before our day, though it has given rise to the proverb "he has taken off his brogues," used of anyone who becomes exacting and autocratic when once established in a good position.

Tommy Murray, the blind fiddler, is known far and wide. Tommy is in request at all weddings and social gatherings amongst the commonalty. Long ago, when dances at the cross roads were in vogue, he used to make an excellent income, but the priests in their zeal for morality put down the dances, and the fiddler has to depend on casual engagements. The abolishing of dances has made life very dull for the girls in Toomevara. Novel-reading is denounced from the altar, walking out with persons of the opposite sex is a misdemeanor, and as few can, without discontent, pass a lifetime in unvaried household duties, needlework, and the perusal of pious books, many fret and kick against the pricks. The only joys permitted to the female sex of the less wealthy class, are regular attendance at the offices of the Church, a walk with

women friends, a visit to the nuns at the Convent, tea-drinking occasionally with this one or that, and for those who can afford to be present, the annual dissipation of the Convent bazaar. They have no free library, no circulating library, public or private. Occasionally, for a charity, the young shopmen of the town get up theatricals on strictly proper lines, with beardless lads to play the women's parts in Elizabethan fashion, for in the local amusements we separate the sexes as far as possible, and when there is a gathering of any sort the men always drift to one end of the room while the women congregate at the other.

Tommy Murray has as partner, Johnny Igoe, who is lame and plays the flute. This curious couple may be seen going their rounds from farm to farm, the lame man carried by the blind man, whom he in turn guides. On Christmas night they come as "The Waits," which in Toomevara are not vocal but instrumental. With them comes Patsy McGlynn, the mason, the best man in the town at a jig or reel, who leaps, twirls or bounds like a ball, and dances "heel and toe" and "cover the buckle" till the pavement rings. Then the trio are accustomed to name every person dwelling in the house before which they stop, from the father of the family down to the kitchenmaid, wishing each individually a merry Christmas, an honor which humble people, awakened by hearing themselves called, feel is too public for pleasure. According to all rules those so distinguished are expected to rise and cast largesse to the disturbers of their repose in proportion to their means.

Our Trade and Commerce.

In The Diamond are situated the two banks, the Bank of Connaught and the Bank of Leinster, the most imposing buildings in the town after the new Catholic "chapel" that cost £25,000. The bank clerks, many of them the sons of gentlemen, are an important element in the best Toomevara society. They afford a living to no fewer than five respectable widows who let them uncomfortable lodgings.

Saturday is market day in Toomevara. From early morning an interminable, creaking procession of donkey carts moves townwards, amidst shrieks of "g'wan out o' that" or "g'long out

o' that" from the throats of donkey boys innumerable. These carts are a feature of market day. Whether new or faded, they have all been painted either blue or vermillion, the only two colors known to their makers. Some with high sides, called crates, are laden with peat for sale, or hold squeaking *bonnivs* covered by a gaudy patchwork quilt. Others, with low sides, accommodate their owner and his family. The possession of a horse and cart denotes the "strong farmer." Now and again the procession scatters, and gives way to a swift-moving vehicle, the County Inspector in his smart trap, the gig, or outside car of gentlemen farmers from Slievemore and Killoon, or, perhaps, to the antique barouche of one of the county families.

The peasant women flock from all sides, wearing snowy, muslin caps, close-fitting, embroidered, and with goffered lace borders. These caps are a badge of a class, and indicate that the wearer is a thrifty, respectable matron, not above her station. She leaves bonnets and the like to those who have social aspirations beyond their means. For herself she adorns her headgear by a broad, purple ribbon, and covers it with a small, bright-colored, plaid shawl folded triangularly. Those of the old-fashioned type wear heavy cloaks of fine, dark blue cloth, in many cases an heir-loom from the wearer's mother, coarse knitted woolen stockings and heavy "brogues." All their clothes smell of peat, whose penetrating odor pervades every house and street in Toomevara. There is no escaping it, for even if the gentry use coal, the laundress dries their linen at a turf fire, and sends home everything impregnated with the odor. We, who live amidst it, however, do not notice this, though it is keenly perceptible to the visitor from Dublin. The farmers' wives, of a class superior to those who wear caps, women who dwell in small, bleak, two-storied, slated houses, set down by the roadside or in the midst of fields, appear in battered countrified bonnets, with thick veils tied on crookedly and carelessly so that they wrinkle, and cloth cloaks or jackets. One of these was Mrs. Phelan, mother to the young priest of that name. The sun-burnt, bare-headed girls, tanned and freckled by exposure, have their dark hair either cut short to the ears or divided, plastered down, and plaited into a "cool" or coil, according to age. Wisps of it are often bleached almost red, as the

lasses work in the fields in all weathers. Warm though the weather may be, they are clad for the most part in stuff gowns, brown or maroon, with a heavy woolen shawl. They are either bare-footed or, like their mothers, wear thick boots and knitted stockings. Some, who have come a long way, carry shoes and stockings in their hands. When they reach the Pool, a small sheet of water just outside the town, where ducks swim and horses are watered, they wash their feet and draw on their foot-gear preparatory to making a triumphal entry. There are no shoeblacks in Toomevara, and, after a muddy walk, flesh is more easily cleaned than leather. On market day every girl has to run the gauntlet of neighborly criticism, and naturally desires to put her best foot foremost in every sense. Some rural belles arrive in all the glory of hats constructed in Toomevara as fashionable, and beflowered as circumstances permit, and not more than four years behind the prevailing mode. Of these most drive in to town on a donkey cart.

Toomevara, where on six days of the week people run to their doors to see a stranger pass, and where the children stare open-mouthed, wakes up on Saturdays and fair-days. Main Street and The Diamond are all agog. Friezed-coated men with thick sticks slouch about, and laborers in corduroy. No one has ever yet seen in Toomevara the Irishman of *Punch*, with flower-pot hat, a pipe stuck in the band, and a great, nobby cudgel under his arm. Our men wore, and still wear, bowlers no better and no worse than their like in other countries. Fine, stalwart fellows they are, averaging six feet, some of them good-natured giants. If they only held themselves erect and walked well, what splendid specimens of humanity they would be! As it is they have the slow, heavy lurch of men accustomed to field labor. Most of them are good looking, with fine, dark-lashed, blue eyes, white, flashing teeth and the rich color of a ripe pear, but some of those frank, kindly, humorous faces have weak chins. Rarely does one see the keen, strong, alert faces common to the Irish in America.

The forty licensed houses do a roaring trade. Behind the Court House the carts are outspanned and massed. By the railings cranes are erected for weighing produce, and old women squat beside sacks of potatoes which they retail by the stone.

Along the edge of the pavement stand booths and stalls where oranges, gooseberries or sour apples according to season, sugar-sticks, "baps" (flat cakes like buns), saffron cakes, clammy gingerbread and other sweetstuffs attractive to the unsophisticated, are sold. Other "stannins" are devoted to the sale of muslin caps, and cheap, gay-colored handkerchiefs, and at one a man and an elderly woman need to yell persuasively as they endeavor to sell coarse flannel of their own weaving. "Stannins" in their simplest form are constructed out of a cart, its shafts firmly propped, and boards laid across. Four poles are lashed to the corners, and round them coarse canvas is tightly stretched. A second piece secured overhead forms a roof. A clean sheet is spread on the improvised table, and the wares are displayed thereon. Amidst them sits the proprietress, discoursing shrilly and volubly:

"That I may never sin, ma'am, if I didn't give sixpince a hundhred more than y' re offerin' me. Sure, there's not a worrd o' lie in what I'm tellin' ye. Ax Paddy Mannion if ye don't b'leeve me, an' he'll tell yez apples is riz.—Arra! is it chaytin' a poor oul' woman ye'd be, boys? Bedad, I wondher 'tis not ashamed y'are to even make such a price to me. G'on now. God forgive yez. Begorra, little girrl, yer gettin' the biggest ha'p'orth o' sugarstick in the market, so y' are. Bad scran t' yez for childher! Lave back them ginger nuts! How dar' yez lay a finger on thim? G'long wid yez or I'll call the poliss. 'Tis a good skelpin' yez ought to get." The "poliss," big and burly, are a feature of market day. In their trim, dark-green tunics, smart forage caps, well set up and soldierly, their stiffly drilled figures form a contrast to the crowd whence they are drawn. There are many of them about with little to do. The seizure of an unattended "asses' cart," the arrest of a drunken man, comprise the chief duties that call for their attention. Now and again there is "a row," when travelling tinkers come to town and fight, or a laborer is quarrelsome in his cups, "peels off his coat" and bids his fellows "come on," but of serious crime we have none in Toomevara.

All the wares sold on market day are poor and meant for poor people. Peat, skinny fowls, eggs, salt, turnips, cabbage, potatoes,

salt butter, "crocks," pitchers, and other coarse pottery, are the principal articles of commerce. In addition are "skibs," flat trays of green osiers, used for carrying turf or straining boiled potatoes, and serving subsequently as a dish out of which these potatoes are eaten with an accompaniment of salt and sour milk; "cleeves," or creels with hay ropes attached for carrying them on the back; "brogues," country-made shoes; hideous plaster images, equally ugly colored pictures of the saints, hideous caricatures that only profound faith could look upon without irreverent laughter, but which here does not excite a smile, mattresses of plaited rushes, and door-mats, "creepie stools" for children, and armchairs—all made of twisted straw, beehive fashion.

We have no Fair Green, so cattle are sold in The Diamond, each drove forming a circle with all heads to a common centre. Wild, shaggy, Connemara ponies are sometimes to be seen tethered together, guarded by owners as wild and shaggy as they. The sale of beasts occasions so much noisy bargaining, so much vociferating, so much gesticulation, that a stranger might think buyer and seller are on the point of coming to blows. The pair always clinch the bargain by spitting solemnly into each other's palm, and shaking hands on it. Pigs alive and dead are sold in abundance, the former squealing dismally in crates, or at the end of hay ropes, the latter a ghastly sight as they lie stiff and slightly gory under clean sheets in carts. Wise housekeepers refrain from buying these dead pigs without searching inquiry, for it sometimes happens that the simple peasant, seeing that his porker is attacked by disease and like to die, and unwilling, poor soul, to face a loss that means so much to him, hastily anticipates nature, slits piggy's throat, cleans, scalds, and conveys him to market.

Now and then novelties are to be seen. A quack comes in a wagonette hung round with anatomical drawings and lists of diseases, outspans in The Diamond, and vends pills and potions by dint of much patter, to which the countryfolk listen half amused, half impressed. The man's English accent sounds to them very high-bred, and his top-hat any priest might wear. Sometimes we have a Cheap Jack, less learned but more popular, a jolly personage who bandies witticisms with the crowd and bids

the shyest girl he sees come up to choose a present from his wares. All eyes are then turned on her, as, blushing and confused, she tries to hide behind her mother, who laughingly encourages her to take him at his word. He sells delft and glass, and proves their quality by banging each article against his cart. Now and then there is an unexpected breakage, hailed by shouts of laughter.

Balladmongers abound, raucous-voiced men and women who bellow their loudest with even less regard for time and tune than their congeners elsewhere. When their ditties are topical, as they often are during times of popular excitement, they rouse immense interest.

The shops, deserted during the week, are thronged on Saturdays. No people drive harder bargains than our peasant women, or look more sharply to the quality of what they buy. God help them: their store of money is so scanty and hardly earned! Small wonder they seek to lay it out to the best advantage. To those who know them it seems strange to hear them denounced as "thriftless." It would be interesting to see if their censors could make seven shillings a week go as far as they. On market days marriages are arranged. Over a "thrate" in the nearest public house parents discuss the preliminaries, and when these are satisfactorily arranged—a matter of infinite diplomacy—the young couple are introduced to each other. The question of a few pounds, or a couple of sheep, will break off negotiations at any stage. It was a Toomevara man who said in answer to the question why he threw over a pretty girl and married a plain one, "Faith, she had a fine cow, so she had, an' there's not the differ of a cow betune wan woman an' another." We have not much romance amongst us, as a rule, though now and then it flames out in unexpected quarters, and evolves some drama that is told by the fireside for generations. There is, as we have indicated, but little of the "walking out" so prevalent elsewhere, and so fruitful of evil. The Toomevara girl who "walks out" with any young man, no matter what her class, loses her character if the affair does not speedily terminate in a wedding. The priests, and the fathers and mothers will have none of these mock courtships that at their happiest lead to nothing, and at their worst lead to the

river or the streets. Runaway marriages are declared null and void by the decrees of the Council of Trent, and elopements are followed by a solemn "calling out" in church of the persons concerned. This ceremony is of the most awe-inspiring nature. The guilty pair are required to answer publicly to their names before all the congregation, avow their penitence, and ask pardon for the scandal they have given. This done, they are solemnly married, and the affair blows over. We will have no scandals in Toomevara. If a man has compromised a young woman pressure is brought to bear upon him, and he is compelled to atone for the wrong he has done.

After the annual races, fairs and markets are the great festivals of the countryfolk. To their share falls such amusement as there is to be had, the chaffering, the "thratin'," the arranging of marriages. The townspeople, more dignified and less happy, have fewer recreations, nor have the shopkeepers' daughters the same chance of getting husbands. If we in Toomevara differ in some respects from the rest of the world it is no matter for surprise. We have very limited opportunities of knowing either from books or from experience what that vast outside world is like, and fewer still of copying its ways, a state of things not all to our disadvantage. We still believe fervently in God, and take trials or benefits as coming direct from His hand. We are not introspective. We do not worry over theological difficulties, regarding all such matters as settled. We are glad to make sacrifices for our religion and our country, whether in money or prestige, sacrifices for which no one thanks us. The views of the Stock Exchange are unknown to us even by hearsay, and of modern theories we are equally ignorant. England and English opinions affect us no more than we affect them; we do not even know what English opinions are, except through the medium of the Dublin papers which devote about as much space to them as English papers give to Irish views. London we know of vaguely. Some of the county people go there from time to time. We have heard of a city we call "Pawris," and are aware that it is "on the Continent," but as few of us have been further than Dublin, and many not so far, neither London nor Paris enters into our lives. To us the important things are the Bills they say will come before

Parliament to enable us to purchase land on easy terms, the Mission that the Redemptorist Fathers are to give next week, the fine house young Toulmin lately bought, the dispute at the meeting of the Town Commissioners, the report that Nannie O'Brien is going to be married, and the news that young Gavin has entered Maynooth to study for the priesthood. We conform in all things to the local standard, but of other standards we reck not. In London or Paris we might seem countrified and primitive, but on our own ground, and dealing with matters familiar to us, we know our own business as well as other folk, and are not to be cheated. We are prepared to believe that every man is honest, till he proves himself a knave, wherein we are quite opposed to the practice in more sophisticated lands. If we do find him to be a knave or an unworthy fellow, we drop him. To persons conscious of having been knaves from the first the fact that we offered them an opportunity of belying their character gives occasion to question the sincerity of our friendship. If we think less of externals than other people, are less shocked by untidy hair, or bare feet or curtains awry, we are quicker to resent a coarse jest, or avoid a speech that might hurt the hearer's feelings, and in our ignorance we set down quite well-dressed persons as vulgarians, if they err in either respect.

We gossip about our neighbors, as do the inhabitants of all small towns the world over. We laugh if they give themselves airs, yet assume airs as absurd in our turn. At the same time as we genuinely scruple discussing those subjects that St. Paul did not consider should be named amongst Christians, and reckon it sinful to take away anyone's character, our gossip generally lacks the piquancy that spices it in certain drawing-rooms. On the other hand we never forget, and a public scandal will be recalled twenty years after the event with undiminished interest. We have great belief in "a good shtock" and "a bad shtock," and from certain families are prepared to expect any evil on the score that they had a doubtful grandmother, or an ancestor who "sould the pass" in troubled times.

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THE EREMYTE AND THE OWTELAWE.

THE ballad of *The Hermit and the Outlaw* was published by T. Parks in Brydges' *Restituta* (vol. IV, p. 91,) A. D. 1816, from a MS. made by William Fillingham, a contemporary. The Middle English text of the ballad may be dated somewhere between 1350 and 1370. The pestilence referred to in the second stanza could scarcely be anything else than the Black Death. The name of the poet is thus far unknown. The moral of the ballad is the mercy of God shown both to saint and sinner alike. As a type of saintliness the poet selects the hermit. Hermits practised the highest degree of asceticism. They led a life of absolute silence and solitude, constant prayer and penance, a mode of life still common in such orders as the Carthusian. Only those Religious who had been well grounded in the principles and practice of asceticism were permitted by their superiors to enter upon a heremitical career. Occasionally it happened that individuals, in a spirit of blind zeal, undertook to lead this contemplative life before having reached the standard of sanctity demanded, and giving way under the strain, fell victims to their delusions, becoming a source of disedification. Of such the poet complains in stanza IV. The hermit of the poem was one of a vast multitude of holy souls, who in earlier ages of Christianity adorned the Church, inasmuch as they followed closely in the footsteps of their Divine Master who for thirty years led a hidden, heremitical life. The outlaw, on the other hand, is a specimen of the reckless sinner who defies the ordinances of heaven and earth.

The poem consists of thirty-four stanzas of twelve lines each. In the printed copy before us, T. Parks' version, the stanzas are arranged in groups of six lines; the rhyme, however, suggests the form we have here adopted. Several stanzas are defective, lacking here and there a triplet. Down to the tenth stanza some of the verses are evidently misplaced. Here, too, the rhyme indicates the true collocation. In the interlinear version the older words have been, as far as possible, retained, and where necessary, marginal notes are added to explain the use of obsolete words occurring in the text.

The ballad will be found full of interest as throwing light on

certain phases of an age veiled in obscurity. The anonymous writer unfolds to us in detail certain practices of Holy Faith which many a reader will recognize as old familiar friends. Herein lies the principal charm afforded by the poem to the Catholic mind. It is with a view of bringing back certain gems of poetic and religious thought, mention of which is entirely omitted even from our best histories of English literature, that we offer to the readers of THE DOLPHIN this "ballad of the Hermit." We hope to follow up the study from time to time by similar selections from old, forgotten, and generally inaccessible treasuries of our language.

H. B.

THE EREMYTE AND THE OWTELAWE.

A BALADE.

I.

Almyghty God, that man gan make,
Almighty God that man gan[1] *make,*
And suffred deth for oure sake
And suffered death for our sake
So let us never spylle:
So let us never spill:[2]
Graunt us alle hys blessynge,
Grant us all this blessing,
Shryft, housel, and gode endynge,
Shrift,[3] *housel,*[4] *and good ending,*
Lord! gyf yt be thy wylle.
Lord, if it be thy will.
A man that wylle synge or carpe,
A man that will sing or carp,
Be hyt wyth geterne or wyth harpe,
Be it with cithern or with harp,
Be hyt never so schrylle;
Be it never so shrill;
Gyf anothyr be ludder than he,
If another be louder than he,
Lyttyl lykynge ys in hys gle:
Little liking is in his glee;
But men be faste and stylle.
But men be fast and still.

[1] *Gan*, did.
[2] Be destroyed.
[3] Confession.
[4] Communion.

II.

Wythyn a lytel whyle, we have seyn
Within a little while we have seen
What pestelence ther hath ben
What pestilence there has been
A few yere here byforn :
A few years here beforn ;
Unbrest wondrys ther have fawe,
Unbrest[5] *wonders have befallen,*
And many a stronge battayll withawe,
And many a strong battle withal,
And also derth of corn.
And also dearth of corn.
Ther ben few that loven othyr,
There be few that love another,
Unneth the systyr dothe the brothyr,
Uneath[6] *the sister doth the brother*
Of o modyr yborne ;
Of one mother born.
Unkyndnesse waxed ryve :
Unkindness waxed rife :
God graunt us so to thryve,
God grant us so to thrive,
That oure sowles be nought lorn.
That our souls be not lorn.

[5] New (*un* = again, *brest* = burst.)

[6] Scarcely, uneasily.

III.

Off tweye brethyrn y may you tell,
Of two brethren I may you tell,
By olde tyme how hyt befylle,
By old time how it befell,
Whylom by olde sawe ;
Whilom by old saw ;
That on was an errant theff,
That one was an arrant thief,
To robben and reven hym was lef,
To rob and reave him was lief,
And was a wylde Owtelawe.
And was a wild outlaw.

That othyr was a gode Eremyte,
That other was a good hermit,
Off grey clothyng was hys abyte,
Of gray clothing was his habit,
And dwellyd by wylde wode schawe;
And dwelled by wildwood shaw;
And gede barfote and nought yschod,
And gede[7] *barefoot and not shod,*
The heyr he weryd, for love of God,
The hair[8] *he wore for love of God,*
Hys flesche to byte and gnawe.
His flesh to bite and gnaw.

[7] *Gede*, obs. pret. of go; go, gede, gone; do, did, done; supplied by went, pret. of wend.
[8] Hairshirt.

IV.

He wolde comen in no towne
He would come in no town
Wyth man or woman for to rown,
With man or woman for to roam,
To bryngen hym into synne;
To bring him into sin;
As othyr eremytys don now a day
As other hermits do nowadays
They rekken never what they say,
They reck never what they say,
Ne how that they bygynne.
Nor how that they begin.
World and wethyr ensampyl schewes
World and weather examples show
How man and woman kepen with dewes
How man and woman keep with dues[9]
Of synne that wylle not blynne.
Of sin that will not blin.[10]

[9] Duly.
[10] Stop.

* * * * * * [11]

[11] Three lines missing.

V

Now mo ye here of thys Owtelawe
Now mote[12] *ye hear of this outlaw*

[12] Old form of might or mought.

That hawntyd the wyld wode schawe,
That haunted the wildwood shaw,
To robben men and slo.
To rob men and slay.
As he stode on a Gode Fryday,
As he stood on a Good Friday,
He sey moche folke come by the way,
He saw much folk come by the way,
Barfote thay gonne to go:
Barefoot they gan to go:
In hys heart he toke gode hede
In his heart he took good heed
How men and wommen barfoot gede,
How men and women barefoot gede,
And why they wentyn so.
And why they went so.
He sey a woman, that come by hyn by,
He saw a woman that came by him by
Went barfote, and was sory
Went barefoot and was sorry
For synnes that sche hadde ydo:
For sins that she had done.

VI.

As sche come walkyng by the strete,
As she came walking by the street
Wyth that wylde Owtelawe sche gan mete,
With that wild outlaw she gan meet
Hys bowe bare ybent in honde.
His bow bore (he) bent in hand.
"A tyde," he sayde, "thou schalt dwelle
"A tide,"[13] *he said, "thou shalt dwell*[14]
Hore, anon y schall the quelle,
Here, anon I shall thee quell[15]
Styll but gyf thou stonde."
Still but if thou stand."
"Syr," sche sayde, "at thy wylle,
"Sir," she said, "at thy will

[13] Bidding the time of day.
[14] Stop.
[15] Kill.

For Goddys love do me none ylle,
For God's love do me none ill,
Neyther schame ne schonde.
Neither shame nor shand.[16]
A synful woman have y be,
A sinful woman have I been
Passyng xxx wyntyr and thre,
Passing thirty winter and three,
Most comyn of all thys londe."
Most common of all this land."

[16] Disgrace.

VII.

"Tell me," he sayde, "y the hote,
"Tell me," he said, "I thee hight,[17]
Wherfore that thou gost barfote?
Wherefore that thou goest barefoot?
On haste tell thou me.
On haste tell thou me.
And also othyr men thys day
And also other men this day
Come walkyng by the way,
Come walking (barefoot) by the way
For what thyng yt might be?"
For what thing it might be?"
"Syr," sche sayde, "y schall the telle—
"Sir," she said, "I shall thee tell—
Thys day the Jewes Jesu gan quelle,
This day the Jews Jesus gan quell
To saven bothe the and me.
To save both thee and me.
He that forsakyht hys foly,
He that forsaketh his folly,
And Jesu Chryste mercy wyl crye,
And 'Jesu Christ, mercy!' will cry
Tyl hevens blysse schall he"—
Till heaven's bliss shall he."—

[17] Command, call.

VIII.

"Woman, for thy wordys hende,
"Woman, for thy words hend[18]

[18] Kind.

To chyrche wyth the wyl y wende,
To church with thee will I wend,
To wetyn what men don thare.
To wit what men do there.
For by Hym that thys world wrought,
For by Him that this world wrought,
Goddys servise ne hurde y nought
Goa's service nay heard I nought
Of alle thys twentye yere:
Of all this twenty year:
Never hadde y wyll to huyre Masse,
Never had I will to hear Mass,
But thus lyved forth yn wyldernesse,
But thus lived forth in wilderness,
No godenesse wolde y lere.
No goodness would I learn.
Thowe men wolde me take and slo,
Though men would me take and slay,[19]
To chyrche wyth the wyl y go,
To church with thee will I go,
Goddys servise to huyre."
God's service to hear."

[19] If caught, the outlaw was liable to be prosecuted.

IX.

And as the Owtelawe in the chyrche stode,
And as the outlaw in the church stood
He loked aboute as he were wode,
He looked about as he were mad,
And grete ferly hym thought.
And great ferly[20] *him thought.*
To the autere he gan wende,
To the altar he gan wend
And lenyd on hys bowys ende,
And leaned on his bow's end,
So wondyrly ther he wrought:
So wonderly there he wrought:
* * * * * *[21]

[20] Wonder, something strange.

[21] Six lines missing of this, and nine of the following stanza. From triplet second, sixth stanza, to the second triplet of the ninth stanza, twelve triplets are not in proper order in T. Park's copy. Here they have been restored to their place according to sense and rhyme. Probably a page was torn out and replaced, but reversely. It will be noticed that the defective parts generally seem to allude to Catholic service. Thus the last line above, "So

X.

* * * * * * *

Tyl that God hym sent grace,
Till that God him sent grace,
That fayre convertyd he was,
That fair converted he was
Wyth thundyr-blast, wynde, and reyne.
With thunder-blast, wind and rain.

XI.

And sythen he was apostyl gode,
And since then he was apostle good
For Goddys love he schedde hys blode,
For God's love he shed his blood,
Hys sowle ys nowe yn blysse ;
His soul is now in bliss ;
And gyf thou wylt thy synnys forsake,
And if thou wilt thy sins forsake,
And do pennance that y the take,
And do penance that I thee take,
So may thou thryve y wys.
So mayest thou thrive I wis."
"A, sir Vicary, tel thou me
"*Ah, sir vicar, tell thou me*
What pennance yt schall be ;
What penance it shall be ;
But tell me nought amysse :
But tell me not amiss :
But gyf thou do, y do it nought,
But if thou do, I do it not,
For evyr yt hadde be in my thought
For ever it had been in my thought,
My lyfe to lede yn lysse."
My life to lead in ease."

wonderly there he wrought," seems to speak of the priest at the altar, the vicar, who, to judge from the context, afterwards approaches the outlaw, and exhorts him to repent, holding up the example of St. Paul, who persecuted the Christians and was converted at the gates of Damascus, where "suddenly a light of heaven shone round about him" [Acts 9: 3]; or as the poet puts it, "in thunder-blast, wind and rain. And since then he was apostle good."

XII.

"A, son, thou must barfote go,
"*Ah, son, thou must barefoot go,*
And wolward therto also,
And woolward[22] *thereto also,*
Alle these yerys sevene."
All these years seven."
"Syr," sayde thys Owtelawe, "nay
"*Sir," said this outlaw, "nay,*
Barfote ne wolward gon y may,
Barefoot nor woolward go I may,
Though y shall never come in hevene."
Though I shall never come in heaven."
"Sone," he sayde, "never the latyr
"*Son," he said, "nevertheless*
Maysten faste brede and watyr;
Mayest thou fast (on) bread and water;
Lusten unto my stevene."
Listen unto my voice."[23]
"Nay y wisse that myght y never;
"*Nay I wis that might I never;*
To suffur deth me were lever
To suffer death me were liever
Thenne more thereof revene."
Than more thereof (to) rob."[24]

[22] Wearing wool next to the skin, as penance.

[23] Voice: Fr. *voix*, Lat. *vox*.

[24] The outlaw had contrition and purpose of amendment, but recoiled from the penance.

XIII.

"Thanne a *pater nostyr* loke thou say,
"*Then a Pater Noster look thou say,*
And *a aves* evry day,
And an Ave every day,
In remission of thy synne."
In remission of thy sin."
"Pater nostyr ne can y none,
"*Pater noster nay can I none,*
Ne *ave Marye*, by sint Jon,
Nor Ave Mary, by Saint John,
I not never where to bygynne."

I wot[25] *not never to begin.*''
'' Maystou suffren no grefance,
'' *Mayest thou suffer no grievance,*
Doon thou most som pennance,
Do thou must some penance,
Heven gyf thou wylt wynne ;
Heaven if thou wilt win ;
Whyle thou art yong of age,
While thou art young of age,
Do thou must som pylgrymage,
Do thou must some pilgrimage,
Eyther more or mynne.''
Either more or less.''

[25] Not, a contraction of ne wot, nay wot, (knew not); nyst, of ne wyst, nay wist (knows not); nys of ne ys (nay is, is not); nill of ne will, nay will (will not); nolde of ne wolde (nay would); willy, nilly of will he, nill (ne will) he. Lat. *volens, nolens ;* will he, nill he. Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1.

XIV.

'' On pylgrymage may y nought gon,
'' *On pilgrimage may I not go,*
And alle so spendyng have y none,
And all so spending have I none,
To beggyn y no can :
To beg I no can :
I hadde lever to smyte of my heved,
I had liever to smite off my head,
Thanne y schulde beggyn my bred
Than I should beg my bread,
Of woman or of man.''
Of woman or of man.''
The Vyker lerned to the Cros hys hede,
The Vicar leaned to the Cross[26] *his head,*
And sayde, '' Lord ! what ys thy red,
And said : '' *Lord, what is thy rede,*[27]
That alle thys world wan ?
That all this world (hast) won ?
Suffre not thys man to spylle !''
Suffer not this man to spill.''[28]
He bad to good, wyth so good wylle
He bade[29] *to good with so good will*
The terys ought of hys eyze ran.
The tears out of his eyes ran.

[26] In the confessional.

[27] Counsel.

[28] Be destroyed.

[29] The outlaw to do good.

XV.

"Syr Vykery," he sayde, "have good day,
"Sir vicar," he said, "have good day,
There nys nothyng that me helpe may,
There nay is[30] *nothing that me help may,*
I se yt ryght wel byforn:
I see it right well beforn:
Alle thou hast in waste ywrought,
All thou hast in waste wrought,
For to don pennance may y nought,
For to do penance may I not,
Thow y schulde be forlorn."
Though I should be forlorn."
"Son!" he sayde, "lysten ryght to me;
"Son," he said, "listen right to me;
Thorowe grace of God, savyd maystou be,
Through grace of God, saved mayst thou be,
That of Marye was born."
That of Mary was born."
"Tell me," he sayde, "wythouten bost,
"Tell me," he said, "withouten boast,
What thyng hatystou to don most?
What thing hatest thou to do most?
Tell me wythouten . . . . . "
Tell me withouten . . . . . "[31]

[30] See note 25.

[31] Word missing; perhaps scorn.

XVI.

"Syr," he sayde, "so have y
"Sir," he said, "so have I . . .[32]
To drynke watyr was me never lef,
To drink water was me never lief,
The sothe for to say:
The sooth for to say:
Never sythe y couthe sowke,
Never since I could suck,
Watyr wolde never in my body browke,
Water would never in my body brook,
For nought that man do may."
For nought that man do may."

[32] Word missing.

"Sone!" sayde the Vyker, "what byfalle,
"*Son!*" *said the vicar*, "*what befall*[33]
In remyssion of thy synnys alle
In remission of thy sins all,
Dryng no watyr to day;
Drink no water to-day;
And y assayle the of thy synnys fre,
And I assoil[34] *thee of thy sins free*,
Loke thys forward yholde be,
Look this[35] *henceforward held shall be*,
Ne more pennance y the pray."
No more penance I thee pray."

[33] Whatever befall.

[34] Absolve.

[35] *i.e.*, penance.

XVII.

"Syre," he sayde, "yt schall be holde,
"*Sir*," *he said*, "*it shall be held*,
The pennance that thou hast me tolde,
The penance that thou hast me told,
And ellys y were to blame.
And else I were to blame.
Gyf yt be as y thynke,
If it be as I think,
To day wyl y ne watyr drynke,
To-day will I no water drink,
To suffre deth or schame."
To suffer death or shame."
"Farewel!" sayde the Vykerye,
"*Farewell!*" *said the vicar*,
"Thynke on God and crye hym mercye,
"*Think on God and cry him mercy*,
And go on Chrystys name."
And go in Christ's name."
"Farewell! Syr Vycary," the Owtelawe said;
"*Farewell! Sir Vicar*," *the outlaw said;*
Wyth thys pennance he helde hym payde,
With this penance he held him paid,
God wote whan we meten in same!
God wot when we meet the same!

XVIII.

Nowe mowe ye here a ferly thyng,
Now may ye hear a ferly thing,
How sone he fyl in fondyng:
How soon he fell into temptation:
From chyrche when he was went,
From church when he was went.
Suneth he hadde walkyth a myle,
Uneath[86] *he had walked a mile,*
Swych a thyrst hym tok that whyle,
Such a thirst him took that while
Hym thought hys body all to brent.
Him thought his body all to burn.
He hadde lever have dronkyn a drawght,
He had liever had drunken a draught
Thanne alle the good that ever he aught,
Than all the good that ever he ought,
So sore com hys talent:
So sore came his vow:
And as he walkyd in the strete,
And as he walked in the street,
Wyth a wench gan he mete,
With a wench gan he meet,
That semed hym semely gent.
That seemed him seemly gentle.

[86] Scarcely, uneasily.

XIX.

On her hed sche bar a canne,
On her head she bore a can,
The watyr over the breme ran,
The water over the brim ran,
That semed hym fayre and clere.
That seemed him fair and clear.
"Wenche," he sayde," "me thyrsteth sore,
"*Wench,*" *he said,* "*me thirsteth sore;*
If that watyr thou barest thare,
If that water thou bearest there,
Set thenne thy pot ryght here."
Set then thy pot right here."

"Syr," sche sayde, "at thy wyl,
"Sir," she said, "at thy will,
Here may thou drynke thy fylle: "
Here mayest thou drink thy fill."
Sche made hym noble cheere.
She made him noble cheer.
He tok the pot and wolde drynke;
He took the pot and would drink;
Sone on hys schryft he gan to thynke,
Soon on his shrift he gan to think,
Tho wex he almost were.
Though waxed[37] *he almost were.*

[37] Distraught.

XX.

"A, Lord!" he sayde, "how may thys be,
"Ah, Lord," he said, "how may this be,
That thys lykyng falleth thus on me?"
That this liking falleth thus on me?"
The watyr he gan beholde:
The water he gan behold:
"Yong ne olde y lovyd yt never,
"Young nor old, I loved it never,
And now me were a drawght lever
And now me were a draught liever
Thanne all thys world of golde.
Than all this world of gold.
And though y never forth schulde gon,
And though I never forth should go,
Thereof wyl y drynk none,
Thereof will I drink none,
Deyghten thow I scholde."
Die although I should."
Wench and pot he let there stond,
Wench and pot he let there stand,
Hyt was the Devyll that hym gan fonde;
It was the devil that him gan tempt;
Thorough Goddys grace drynk he nolde.
Through God's grace drink he nay would.[38]

[38] See note 25.

(To be continued.)

Studies and Conferences.

CONVENT TRAINING AND CHURCH MUSIC.

"There is something they have that we cannot give them. I don't know what it is; it shows itself in good manners; but it is something beyond our reach." So said a Protestant head of a Normal School, speaking of our convent-educated girls, as Professor Stockley assures us in his paper on Convent Education. And this same thing is admitted—in general—by all who know them. The secret of this mysterious quality of religious education must, no doubt, be sought in the fact that serious subjects are taught in most convents in a serious way. Whilst this is a matter of congratulation for the Catholic it would be idle to ignore the often patent fact that convent education does not always and everywhere exercise its adequate influence. We meet convent-reared women who seem to leave all the charm occasionally noticed by Protestants as a "something beyond their reach" behind them when they enter the world and take up the actual responsibilities of the woman's life for which their education in the convent is supposed to have distinctly fitted them. Why is this?—You will say it is the influence of the world, with its superficial virtues, its varnished allurements; these attract the unwary young girl and lead her to imitate where she was taught to resist or flee. But if this be so, where is the force of that lesson which taught her to resist or to flee when she yields without protest at the very time when the lesson is supposed to bear fruit, and without apparent regret, to the temptation which implies the undoing of all her past efforts?

Evidently there is in many cases wanting a certain strength of conviction such as must be the fruit of a thoroughly consistent training of the will, and which gives a sufficient impulse to the young soul to bridge over the temptation against which the practices of religion preserve the average Christian woman, who without a convent education has learnt to utilize her faith as a vital conservative of virtue. Of course there are those who keep

the lesson; but there are too many who quickly forget it; which proves that the educational probation is either not long enough to become a fixed conviction, or that it goes not deep enough into the character, being diluted by a partial yielding to secular vanity or ambition, so that it quickly assimilates what is objectionable in the world and overmasters the precepts of religion weakly inculcated.

Might we restrict and apply this reflection for a moment to the teaching of music for girls? The matter is pertinent because, whereas women as a rule are the preservers of piety in our churches, we have to trace a good deal of the abuse in church music which has introduced the concert methods into the sanctuary, to their influence and musical training. That influence shows that they do not readily discriminate between what befits the divine service and what belongs to the stage. The misconception might be remedied where perhaps it originally began to take root. In the practice hall of the convent we have Schubert and Liszt and Beethoven; occasionally "rag-time" and other pieces to suit the trivial propensities and prospects of girls whose home associations demand perhaps nothing better or higher. But whatever standard may at times be set by even religious educators in whom we instinctively look for some refining influence, with regard to mechanical practice or the formation of readiness in execution, it should be made clearly understood that the musical standard of the world is as far apart from the music of the chapel, as is the headless though classical statue of the Medicean Minerva from the gently simple figure of Carlo Dolci's Madonna.

There are two things to be noted in this respect. In the first place, as good teachers of music we are likely to attach much importance to the perfect execution of the secular music; and as indulgent religious looking upon God as their Father, we are also likely to cultivate a certain indifference in allowing perfunctory execution to creep into the rendering of the chapel hymns, that is, in the liturgical service. We very well understand that the one is fitting the child merely for appearances, or for a certain professional skill in the eyes of the world, whilst the other is teaching the young girl to make a direct presentation to God. Has the world a right to exact more from us than God? And

can it be profitable in any sense to leave the child or young woman under this impression by our method of training?

The second point touches, as already indicated, the character of the music we introduce from the practice hall into the chapel. The quality of the pieces should be so absolutely different that the motive of the distinction cannot be mistaken. It may be asked why anything and everything that is truly beautiful in melody or harmony may not be devoted to God's pleasure and service. I answer, for the same reason that the ladies don't open their beautiful parasols in the parlor or dining-room. There is a fitness in things as well as a beauty, and that fitness demands a difference in the beautiful singing of the church choir and the beautiful chorus of the opera.

We plead that our teaching of music must include the great masters of secular excellence; and that is well. These masters chose their own field, but the fact that they often took their themes from the sacred liturgy does not imply that they treated it to suit the spirit of the liturgy. They have confessed, indeed, that the highest ideals of true art must be sought in religion—that is, in the Church—as the fact that they selected the themes of their most elaborate compositions from this field amply proves. In this we recognize that they wished to honor their art by going to the Church for a subject. But we reverse the process and dishonor the Church by going to a meretricious art for an expression of our devotion.

It is certainly a good rule to take the best models for our practice in the *art* of music, whether these models be secular or religious, so long as they be calculated to form a good taste and lend themselves to graceful and ready performance. But for our chapel music let us select with such care and high temper as to have only what the Church approves. Do you say it is monotonous, it lacks spirit, and color and harmony? You err. It is only monotonous if we do it with our indifferent, perfunctory method used for this field ordinarily. If we did it with *twice* the care and scrupulous attention to unison, combination of parts, shading, enunciation, time-keeping, and harmony of the choruses, which we devote to the execution of operatic fragments intended to gain the plaudits of the world, we should find and admit that there is

no beauty like to that of the Church in her chant as in her other art, coveted and imitated in every part by the greatest masters. And by this means we will succeed in impressing our pupils with respect for the religion and its motives, whence this beauty of the Spouse of Christ emanates.

Thus will our women be taught to realize that the reform movement inaugurated by the Pope does not involve a misappreciation of woman's service in the Church, but the contrary. And here our convents can give really efficient help to the Sovereign Pontiff in the matter of reforming our church music. It is not so much a question of introducing new music or new musical style; it is a question in the last analysis, as someone has expressed it, of "renewing the spiritual life of the people." And that must be the object of all Catholic education. There are difficulties in the way, indeed; but do not let us magnify them into an unwillingness to weigh and do what is possible. The Sovereign Pontiff, although he has sounded a decided note on the subject, leads us very slowly, lest undue haste destroy the effect of that deliberation which must characterize all reforms. We have not yet the books that will aid us in fully accomplishing all we should have to do to succeed in this matter; but Pius X has stated that a model edition of the liturgical chant-books will be issued from the Vatican. We shall not have long to wait for this. In the meantime we may prepare for taking up the new lines when they will be handed to us.

The first step in this direction is to realize and to make it understood that the reform is not only possible, but will and must be accomplished in the best interest of all concerned.

What we may do all the time is to explain in a practical way the character and meaning of the liturgical hymns which our children are to sing, so that understanding fully the meaning of the liturgical service, their minds and hearts may grow interested in proportion as their capacity to coöperate and their perception of the supernatural motives of the sacred action grow. An English priest, the Rev. Ethelred Taunton, recently writes on this subject, to the point:

"The true idea of worship seems to be missed; even the supreme act of worship, the Mass, is not brought home as it should. For in-

stance, what idea of worship and of the proper way of assisting at Mass does a child get who goes, say at 10 o'clock, to what is called the Children's Mass, and starts the service singing 'O Mother I,' goes on with 'Hail, Queen of Heaven,' then attacks 'Dear Angel ever at my side,' and winds up with 'Faith of Our Fathers,' or 'All Hail to St. Patrick'? I do not say anything about these hymns more than that they do not appear to be appropriate while the Divine Victim of Calvary is being offered to the Eternal Majesty, and the Lamb lies in mystic death upon the altar. What idea of worship does the child get, and how is the meaning of the Mass brought home to its soul by such music or such hymns? Do they teach the child to pray, to enter into the intention of the Divine Victim?

"Now I will take another case: The child grows up, and preserves enough of the practice of Catholic life to go to Mass on Sundays. He has never been taught to pray. He hears and likes the music (if he does not find its length, with a long sermon added, wearisome), and enjoys it *as music*. The tenor has a glorious voice, and his mezzo singing is delicious; the bass is round and full, sonorous and grand. The composition is fine. That introduction to the 'Kyrie' is solemn and the fugal movement is well worked out; how elegantly the 'Christe' is elaborated. What a burst of triumph in the 'Gloria'; and for pure melody, can the 'Gratias Agimus' be surpassed? The 'Credo' is bustling, the 'Et Incarnatus' sweet and ingenious with its interwoven melody for the alto. The 'Sanctus' is majestic, while the 'Benedictus' is simply delightful, if rather reminiscent in parts of tambourine effects. The grave 'Agnus Dei' prepares us for the brilliant passages of the 'Dona,' which alternates with drums and trumpets and vocal passages, with cadenzas of marvellous beauty. I wonder how many of my readers will recognize the Mass which I am here describing? At any rate, our friend has thoroughly enjoyed the Mass; for the church he attends does its music well. He has shuddered over the same composition when it has been executed or murdered by incompetent and ambitious singers. Now, I want to know, where has been the worship of a creature to his Maker in all this music? Has it lifted his soul to the throne of God, has it united him more closely to the Saving Victim, has it stirred his being to any real thankfulness that God is God and that we are His people? Mind, I am speaking of the average man. I do not deny there may be some who, understanding the words as well as the music, come under an influence not altogether unsatisfactory; though I might

be inclined to doubt whether emotionalism did not play too great a part. But the generality of people I do not think are so affected. Speaking of my own experience, which at one time was varied and wide, I have often heard persons expressing their delight in the Sunday's music and saying how much they enjoyed the Mass; but I never recollect hearing them say that they felt the Divine Presence closer, or that they were lifted to greater personal union with God or realized His Infinite Majesty more clearly. If this be the case (I am only giving my experience, others may perhaps differ from me), I contend that we have gone off the line. Instead of aiming at the music of worship we have put the cart before the horse and have devoted ourselves to the worship of music. This is but the natural result of the loss of the true notion of prayer and the neglect of the Liturgy. The Church sets God before us as the object of prayer; modern degeneracy in pietism puts self first. The Church uses music to help us in our worship; modern pietism worships that which pleases self and demands music that shall please us and make the time of Mass become something less of a compulsory task. This, I think, is the real difficulty. Let us get the real sense of worship; and then the proper kind of music will follow of its own accord."

In an equally pertinent fashion speaks the learned and zealous Bishop of Newport, Dr. Hedley, when he writes:

"The Church is most anxious that the faithful should really be able to follow the ritual of the Mass. There is a very remarkable passage in the decrees of the Council of Trent on this point. The Council declares that, although the Mass contains much instruction for the faithful, still it is not expedient to allow it to be celebrated in any language except Latin. 'But,' continues the Council, 'that the flock of Christ may not go hungry nor His little ones seek bread and there be no one to break it unto them, this Holy Synod commands all pastors and those who have the care of souls, frequently to explain, during the Mass itself, portions of what the priest reads in the Mass, and at other times (and that especially on Sundays and festivals) to preach on some mystery of this holy sacrifice' (Session xxii, ch. 8). . . . Many, no doubt, will find adequate explanations in one or other of the numerous prayer-books and manuals which abound. But is it not too evident to any one who observes a congregation at Mass on Sundays that a very large proportion have no book,

are not interested, are listless, inattentive and irreverent, and seem to be assisting at a strange and incomprehensible rite? We exhort all our beloved clergy to take the utmost pains to interest their flocks in the Holy Sacrifice, and we earnestly ask all Catholics, old and young, rich and poor, to make every effort to learn what they can on this greatest of mysteries. If they understand the Mass they will love the Mass."

"To make every effort" is what the Church wishes from us, and few of us can make their efforts for the common good more effective than the religious teachers in our convent schools.

THE LEGENDARY PART OF THE LORETO TRADITION.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander MacDonald, Vicar General of Antigonish, and Chaplain of the Holy House, protests against the interpretation of the miraculous transfer of the Holy House of Loreto by the hands of angels, which we mentioned as a possible and indeed quite probable solution of a devout but insufficiently attested tradition recorded in the Breviary lessons of the feast.

We fully realize the danger and unreasonableness of a skeptic attitude in matters that concern not only faith but also the pious reverence which reported manifestations of supernatural power supported by long tradition call for; and in referring to the miracle of the Holy House in our last issue we clearly stated the view that an absolute refusal to credit such manifestations of the miraculous as impossible in any given case, or a disposition to deride the assent which the childlike mind of the faithful gives to them, is neither good theology nor sound reason. Cardinal Newman in his *Grammar of Assent*, and in an essay on *Miracles*, sets forth the demands of good sense in such questions, and therein discriminates between evidence that calls for the assent of the mind and such as leaves it free. We have, as we said, not the slightest difficulty in admitting the miracle of the angelic transfer as possible, nor do we dispute the right of those who feel the inclination to accept *all the details* of the tradition as literally true; but we are certainly free to dispute the strength of the historical *evidence* upon which the facts are claimed. That evidence is

purely human, and as such not exempt from the criticism which we apply to all assertions of men, whatever their character for either veracity or for intellectual keenness may be.

Dr. MacDonald bases his refusal to permit any one reasonably to doubt the miraculous transfer by angels—as related in the legend—on two grounds. First because the legend was credited by several of the Roman Pontiffs. This is proved not only from their own words, but also by the fact that they permitted the legend to be printed in the Roman Breviary. Secondly, the miracles afterwards wrought at the shrine of the Holy House are sufficient proof of the legend being true. "Could the God of truth set a seal of miracle on a false legend?" asks Dr. MacDonald.

As to the first statement, it is true that the Sovereign Pontiffs, like Benedict XIV, gave their assent to the tradition. This means that they believed it just as Dr. MacDonald believes it; and such a belief in men of such learning is, we take it, a sign of a humble piety much to be desired. But it was Benedict himself who strongly repudiated the idea that, because a Pope gives his endorsement to the legends of saints contained in the Breviary, inasmuch as they serve to edify, therefore they must be admitted as historically true. It was Clement VIII, who caused an examination, based on historical inquiry, to be made of the legendary lessons approved in the Breviary of Pius V, who was a saint. (See *Introductio generalis ad historiam eccles. critice tractandam*, by the Bollandist P. K. de Smedt, S.J.). Later, Benedict XIV laid down certain principles to be applied as critical tests in the admission of legends found in the lives of saints, which are based solely on an ancient and pious tradition. (See Benedict XIV, De Canoniz. Sanct., lib. IV, p. II, c. 13.) Referring to this fact, the Benedictine P. Baumer shows that several legends were cut out of the Breviary, because they were based on apocryphal sources, and he adds that this process of correction will be continued as time goes on, because the judgment of successive Popes has made it plain, even if Benedict XIV had not expressly enunciated the fact that the "legendæ" of the Breviary contain various errors, and that what one Pope has deemed credible may, in course of time, be shown by his successor to have been merely a pious belief. (*Cf.* P. S.

Baumer, O.S.B., *Geschichte des Brevier's*, pp. 429–449, and 450–456, 495–505, etc.)

These legends served for edification, and thus were quite in place, as we have already shown; but they may lose their character of literal truths to the individual with the progressive growth of human inquisitiveness, just as the healthy nursery examples, which teach the boy virtue and truth, become to him less facts than symbols, as the child grows older.

The second argument, that because well attested miracles have been wrought at the shrine of Loreto, therefore the Holy House *must have been carried by angels* from Nazareth to Dalmatia and thence to Reccanati, does not impress us as logical. It would at most prove that the stones of the Holy House of Loreto are really taken from Nazareth, and that is indeed in no wise questioned by us. We think pilgrims may have brought them over, and there is good reason for this belief. It is a safe principle to accept a reasonable and natural explanation, such as is afforded by the historical circumstances of the transfer of the relics from Nazareth to Italy, rather than press the miraculous features *beyond ordinary evidence* of their occurrence simply *because they have been believed by others.* In any case there is no obligation to accept them as historically true when they are not so proved, although everybody is free to believe them.

Those who deny that the "Holy House" of Loreto is taken from Nazareth, at least in great part, so as to make the relic perfectly genuine, seem to us to go farther than legitimate criticism permits. But the statement that *angels* took it from Palestine to Italy is quite another thing, for which we have only a pious belief based on very doubtful testimony, and not at all binding on Catholic faith, or loyalty, or even reverence for what the Holy House represents.

THE "NEW" DOCTRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Protestants, not entirely familiar with the history and genius of the Catholic Church, occasionally find obstacles in accepting her doctrines on the ground that these are new and therefore no part of the deposit of faith committed by Christ to His true

Church. As an example, they point to the preparation for a worthy celebration in honor of the coming feast of the Immaculate Conception, *defined* as a dogma of faith only fifty years ago.

They lose sight of the fact that a definition of a dogma is merely the crystallization of a previously existing faith based on sound motives of credibility.

It is well known that Christians for a long time accepted the *Apostles' Creed*; as the symbol of their faith but as this did not contain a full or complete expression of the beliefs which Apostolic tradition had confirmed by a well authorized liturgy used in all the churches established by the Apostles, they soon expanded the Apostles' Creed and the *Nicene* Creed was received with equal authority. In the same way the *Athanasian* Creed was formulated and used as an expansion of the germ truths taught by Christ.

This process of expansion has continued ever since, for the Church is a living organism whose doctrine is like the life of the plant containing in its seed all the elements of trunk, branches, leaves, flowers and fruits. These appear in successive stages, and thus the embryo of the incipient organism develops under the influence of external surroundings which are like the nourishing elements of earth and air and light.

To say then that the Immaculate Conception was not part of the Catholic doctrine from the beginning, because it was not manifested in a formulated expression of doctrine, is similar to saying that the fruit of a tree is not contained in its organism, because we do not see it from the beginning. The oak is, organically and actually, contained in each living acorn, but the embryo must develop with the aid of light and air to be perceived in its fulness.

Thus the belief in the Immaculate Conception lay, like many other beliefs of the Creed, dormant for a time; but its existence was gradually and spontaneously manifested in the devotion of the faithful. And this devotion was *part of the liturgy* of the Catholic Church. It broke out like the blossoms and fruits on a tree, in different places, in different ways, and in succession of times, which gave ample opportunity to the Church to suppress it had she deemed it necessary to disown the growth as representing a useless branch. But she sanctioned and fostered it until harvest

time, when she announced in solemn fashion the glorious yield of faith's ripened fruit.

It is a joy for the Catholic at this time to note the evidence to which Catholic scholarship draws attention, showing how over a thousand years ago the feast of the Immaculate Conception was honored in the liturgy of the countries to which the faith had been brought in the course of early centuries from the South and East. Father Thurston, whose researches in the British Museum have in part been published in THE DOLPHIN, gives us some examples of the early Kalendars used in the English and Irish churches soon after Christianity had taken root there. Among these MSS. there is one which goes back to the time of King Alfred the Great (871), in which, under May 2d, we have the rubric *concipitur Virgo Maria cognomine senis.* A kalendar of the same age under the name of Oengus-calendar has the Irish legend *Feil mar Maire nage* which the Lebar Brecc interprets by the gloss "haec est inceptio ejus," etc. Professor Thurneysen believes that this MS. belongs to the first half of the ninth century. In the *Stimmen a. Maria Laach* mention is made of the martyrology of Tallaght, which gives the feast of the Immaculate Conception under May 3d. This MS. is supposed to be identical with the ancient book of Leinster, in which we find a note "Mariae virginis conceptio—V Nonas Maias."

Ballerini (in his Sylloge monument. I) mentions an ancient testamentary document called "Donatio Ugonis de Summo," in which a Catholic nobleman of the eleventh century bequeathes to his dependents a gift of money with the request that a statue of Our Blessed Lady be carved in marble, to represent her as the "Virgin free from the original sin through the anticipated grace of the Redemption." Furthermore the document requests that a Mass be annually celebrated "on the feast of the Immaculate Conception" of the Blessed Virgin and Mother of God," during which Mass are to be sung the following lines:

Candidissima uti lilia,
Salve aeterni Patris filia,
Salve Mater Redemptoris,
Salve Sponsa Spiratoris,
Sine macula concepta,
Salve Triadis electa.[1]

[1] *Theol. Quartalsch.*, III, 1904.

In 1846 Robert Anstruther published an old codex of Abbot Osbert, of Clare, belonging to the year 1128, in which the abbot treats of the feast as celebrated in various places. He would have it introduced also in Winchester, where, however, he meets with opposition from the Bishop of Salisbury. Osbert complains of this to Anselm of Edmundsbury (a nephew of St. Anselm of Canterbury) and enumerates the churches where the feast is honored.

Edmund Bishop (*Downside Review*, 1886) proves conclusively that the feast was celebrated in England before the Norman Conquest. He cites a calendar of the Abbey Newminster written under Abbot Aelfwin (1034–1057), another from the *Vetus monasterium* of about 1030. He also discovered two rituals (benedictionalia), one of which belonged to the Church of Canterbury, and was written between 1023 and 1050; the other apparently to Bishop Leofric, of Exeter, who died in 1072.

The contention has been made that these writers speak merely of a feast of the *Conception* of Our Lady, which would not necessarily imply her total freedom from original sin, but only her being sanctified like St. John the Baptist. But this is not true of the evidence cited from Osbert of Clare and the Abbot Anselm, or of other texts cited which speak expressly of the *Immaculate Conception* of Our Blessed Lady.

Criticisms and Notes.

CONFÉRENCES AUX JEUNES FILLES sur l'Apostolat Chrétien. Par l'Abbé L. Moussard, Chanoine de Besançon. Paris: Ancienne Maison Ch. Douniol. (P. Téqui.) 1904. Pp. 288.

WOMAN. By the Rev. N. Walsh, S.J. Author of "Old and New," etc. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (Benziger Brothers.) 1903. Pp. 114.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN MODERN LIFE. By Beverley Warner, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. MCMIII. Pp. 218.

LIGHT FOR NEW TIMES. A book for Catholic girls. By Margaret Fletcher, with a preface by W. D. Strappini, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 81.

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART. By Margaret Fletcher. Longmans, Green & Co. London, New York and Bombay. 1904. Pp. 109.

VERS LE MARRIAGE—aux Jeunes Filles. Par le R. P. Jean Charruau, S.J. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Douniol. (P. Téqui.) 1904. Pp. 401.

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS who may, or may not, stand in need of them. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Author of "Mother and Daughter," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1903. Pp. 122.

The education of our women is not being neglected in modern times, nor in any sphere of possible activity; but the important thing in the training of women is the quality. "A wise man once said: the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. The truth of this is not to be disputed," writes the author of *Don'ts for Mothers*, "but alack and alas, what erratic 'rocks' that poor cradle sometimes receives—a motion given by a hand so firm yet so gentle, so governed by a brain in which boundless love, unswerving justice, and common sense are so evenly balanced that the impetus thus given may last a lifetime, carrying to generations still unborn 'great thoughts, great feelings—like instincts unawares.'" The surest guarantee for maintaining this evenness of motion in the continuous education of the young child is religion, true religion, for which woman, upon whom the action mainly devolves, has a naturally receptive mind and heart. Happily, the Catholic Church provides seminaries and conservatories where this art of educating women for the great task of shaping the

destinies of men is pursued by those who are especially called and wholly devoted to it. And whilst the duty of the mother to influence her child for good precedes that of the religious teacher who educates it in school, the latter is not only able to direct the growing intelligence to a right exercise in later life, but may undo some of the dangerous tendencies sown in the child's heart by the injudicious fondness of an over-indulgent mother.

Naturally a system of Convent education preserves its efficacy from the fact that it is not subject to the fluctuating fashions of secular society. Its purpose is not to train pupils to conform to worldly methods and maxims, but rather to influence social opinion toward higher and better ends than are common in the world. Every girl that leaves a Convent School is meant to take with her an equipment of mind and will, which by its excellence asserts not only independence of character in matters of womanly virtue, but which will cause her to be a missionary for whatever is noble and true and beautiful. It is with a view to strengthen this twofold sentiment that the Abbé Moussard publishes his *Conférences aux Jeunes Filles*. The thirty-eight addresses are grouped under two heads; first *l'Apostolat par exemple*, in which the motives of action, the difficulties to be overcome, the cautions to be adopted, and the manner of exercising a direct womanly influence toward elevating society are dwelt upon. The second part deals with certain phases of religious belief which are singled out by the worldly-minded as points of attack to make a young girl abandon the faith of her childhood, or the practices of piety which conserve it; among these are the objections made against dependence on the authority of the Church, against the confessional and attendance at public devotions, the misrepresentations commonly made regarding religious, priests, and bishops, and certain stereotyped historical errors supposed to militate against the sanctity of the Church.

A book written in a somewhat brighter vein is that of Père Charruau. Its main object is to make the young girl emancipated from the school aware of the issues that she will have to meet, and to furnish some light by which she may recognize their true inwardness and purpose. To this end the author presents a number of detached sketches —silhouettes and portraits, dialogues and letters, or familiar talks between herself and her friends, among whom there are women who have felt the sharp edge of life and who can give wise counsel in a form that is at once appropriate and convincing. Father Charruau comes nearer

to realizing the modern temper of women as a class, than any other French writer known to us. The very captions of his chapters indicate this—*Corbeilles de noces*—*La clef d'or* (prayer)—*Dévotions et dévotion*—*Casse-cou !*—*Mammon*—*Noces d'or* are only a few of the titles that head his pages replete with gems of poetry and happy 'bon mots' to ward off the apprehension of tedious piety which always lingers between the leaves of admonitory volumes addressed to young people.

But what the French writers for young women of to-day barely suggest, is expressed in clear and unmistakable language by the English writers placed at the head of this review.

Father Walsh pleads for the education of woman upon the model laid down by God in His revelation. This gives us a standard unquestionably high and attractive, as well as unalterable, although subject to adaptation. Accordingly, the author keeps before us the inspired Word of God, commented on by men who were not only holy, but also educated and refined, such as Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, Fénelon, and others. The wise and perfect woman is the religious woman, but religion does not consist in external devotion so much as rather in the *disciplined good sense* which guards the duties of practical life in charity. This is God's view, and, although that view, says Father Walsh, may not be known as "up to date," it is certainly right. He admits the claims of higher education for women, in a restricted sense suited to the individual, and with this reservation he considers the duties first of the wife and mother, and then of the daughter and sister. Thus, in progressive steps, we are led to consider the studies, religious practices, cultivation of domestic virtues, such as joy, gladness, cheerfulness, frugality, industry, to which woman must attend. The last two chapters view her as the mistress of the home, likened to St. Monica, with whose picture the author concludes his delineation of the "valiant woman."

In a somewhat more progressive spirit, and with decided belletristic grace, does Dr. Warner take up the subject of the modern woman's education. He recognizes that there are certain problems with which the young woman of to-day is bound to concern herself in a way that is new. But he is by no means an advocate of the "new" woman. "The coming woman may vote, or not. I neither know, nor care," he writes. "But it is not by means of the ballot that she will wield her greatest power over the still plastic mass of our young democracy. . . . The young woman is not always conscious of

the influence she exercises as the most powerful factor in the sum of life. I have, therefore, tried to indicate certain way-marks for her little journey in the world, and to point out some of the pitfalls which men perceive more readily than their mothers and sisters. One profound conviction underlies every written word in these pages—that the sex-distinction involves far more than a diversity of physical functions. The woman is so far different from the man that she must be judged by other standards, even by other moral standards." This disposes of the question—so far as our author is concerned—of woman's fitness to fill the place of man, or to accept his responsibilities, to supplant his sphere of influence, to take up his occupations and amusements. The author is not a Catholic, but he has the Catholic point of view, which assigns to woman not the manly strength, but the more tender and deep influence that gives to her the power:

> To lure into the air a face long sick;
> To gild the brow that from its dead looks up;
> To shine on the unforgiven of this world;
> With slow, sweet surgery restore the brain,
> And to dispel shadows and shadowy fear.

His counsels on the *Use of Books* are admirable, as are the chapters on *Amusements*, on the *Woman Who Works*, and on the *Religious Vocation of Every Woman*. "Go put your creed into your deed" is the keynote of the last admonition intended to bring out the value of religion, and of the woman's duty to rebuke the scorner of it in any form.

Miss Fletcher faces the problem of woman's position in modern life directly from the Catholic standpoint. Father Strappini, of Oxford, defines that position for us in his preface. He believes that our age represents "an era of change and of unexpected developments," and as such has brought about "no change greater than the present altered position of English women." Reviewing the indications arising from the discovery of the intellectual and administrative possibilities latent in women—latent through want of training and opportunity—the author of *Light for New Times* essays to prepare the young girl for the opportunities that await her, of exercising her influence in positions which directly affect the welfare of the community, and, we might say, apart from the home. She writes like one experienced in the ways of the world; open, yet discreet; without sentimentality, yet fully aware of the value that attaches to the special virtues of the heart. In both her books there is a frankness of dealing with subjects

which most religious people feel shy of discussing, that recalls the Scriptural and patriarchal mode of instruction; yet tact and sincerity go hand in hand throughout. And she fully justifies her freedom of spirit, reverently as it moves, when she tells the young girl who leaves the convent school:

"I would not dare to forecast a future of virtue and happiness for any girl who has not begun to acquire some self-mastery by the time she is entrusted with a certain amount of liberty, for such a prophecy would give the lie to all that I have observed in life.

"The keynote of this generation is not that of the last; you are entering upon liberties that your mothers never dreamed of, you have new opportunities, you have also new dangers to face, you certainly have new work to do, and you have to fit yourself for the work.

"In the mind of God is foreshadowed for each one of you a beautiful and attractive character, your possible self, your certain self, if you conquer the hindrances to grace; but in the as yet unplanted wilderness of each girl's soul of you there should be a voice crying: Prepare ye the ways of the Lord; make straight His paths."

So the author leads her young friends along "the way without which there is no going," to a just sense of the "Liberty" that awaits them, entailing "Responsibilities," and cautions especially in the adoption of a "Professional Life."

The little volume entitled *School of the Heart* is a continuation or an extension of the *Light for New Times*. It deals with subjects that touch the more intimate needs of feminine nature. They are such as in former times our instructors have shrunk from discussing, not because they are evil, but because they are sacred. But ignorance of them to-day is to some extent a danger, because the new order of things has prepared a counterfeit of them openly exhibited, from which the young receive false impressions, so as to confuse them when they discover the possession of the treasure within their own hearts. To safeguard the young girl against misunderstanding the promptings of first and succeeding affections, Miss Fletcher enters in a thoughtful and serious way upon the topics "Falling in Love" — "Married Life" — "The Woman of Leisure."

It is all safe and indeed edifying reading not only for those whom the author directly addresses, but likewise for those who instruct the young girl in order to prepare her for real life and save her from follies which can hardly ever be fully healed.

We stated in the beginning that convent education maintains its efficacy by being separated from the influences of worldly fashion which is superficial and changeable. But it is evident that in view of the

altered trend of woman's sphere and the accepted changes in her responsibilities toward the modern world, the religious educator must take account of the new elements and incorporate them in her scheme of training. Whatever the reason for these changes, they are a fact. They do not undo the old and fundamental principles upon which pedagogy builds a solid system of developing character, but they call for new instruments, for additional material to fill in the voids created in the shrinking which the age of mankind has seemingly brought on. And for this the religious teacher cannot leave her cloister or mingle with the world, lest the salt lose its savor. What she can do is to note the changes indicated by those who write their experiences in works such as are here referred to. We need not accept it all; but we must note it and weigh it and test it all, lest we lose precious opportunities of improvement in our charge. If we apply the touchstone of religious principle to all that seems new, we shall find much of it old, only cast in new forms; and we shall distinguish what is sound and solid from that which is spurious and hollow. "I would ask these," writes our author, speaking of those who would shrink from any change of the old ways in the belief that what is new must be dangerous, "to turn their thoughts to the Virgin Mother of God Incarnate, and reflect that she, although a maiden dedicated to the service of the temple, showed in the gentle dignity of her answer to the angelical salutation that she had meditated upon the real issues of life, as God intended they should be meditated, in the light of prayer."

OUR COLLEGES. Catholic University of America—Pontificium Collegium Josephinum—Boston College—Mount St. Mary's College—St. Charles College—Conception College—The Association of Catholic Colleges of the United States. 1904.—The University of Virginia (Charlottesville).

In making a cursory survey of the educational work done in our American Colleges for boys, the student of Catholic pedagogy is partly guided by the annual reports issued from our leading institutions, such as are represented by the above named colleges. These include the *Year Book* of the Catholic University of America 1904–1905; *Relatio Annalis XVI* pro anno scholastico 1903–1904 de Pontificio Collegio Josephino de Propaganda Fide, Ohio; also the *Catalogue* of the Boston College (Jesuit), 1903–1904, and of Boston College High School; *Ninety-sixth Annual Catalogue* of Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, Md., for the academic year 1903–1904; *Catalogue* of St. Charles College, near Ellicott City, Md., for the scholastic

year 1903–1904 (Sulpician); *Annual Catalogue* of the Officers, Faculty and Students of Conception, Mo., for the collegiate year 1903–1904 (Benedictine).

The above-mentioned institutions are fairly representative of the haracter, quality and grading proposed or attempted in schools of econdary or higher education intended to equip our boy-youth for ctive service in the various professions, as well as in the literary and commercial spheres of life.

The testimony of past efficiency whence we might argue to the actual value of our Catholic College education cannot be easily gathered by an appreciable appeal to results in the field of distinctly religious activity, except in the case of ecclesiastical seminaries. St. Charles College, as a preparatory school for youth who might feel the call to the priesthood, goes back to the days of Archbishop Maréchal and of Charles Carroll who witnessed the Declaration of Independence; Mount St. Mary's College, whose foundation was laid nearly a hundred years (1808) ago, also served from its very beginning as a school for the training of missionary priests. These two institutions represent, therefore, a very large portion of the credit due to the development of the Church as an organic influence in our country and people. The Religious Orders labored in the same direction with the added prestige which goes with teachers educated in the approved schools of the Old World. The Benedictines, Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and the later teaching orders, all began work with the primary sense of the importance which attaches to the training of an efficient clergy carrying out the methods of religious education in harmony with their particular *ratio studiorum*. Beyond this we have had from our schools some eminent priests, physicians, teachers, but their number is insignificant, and their services to religion have been lost sight of in the ordinary practice of their respective professions. The men who in the secular pursuits of life have done most service to the Catholic cause as statesmen, writers, or organizers of public enterprise, have been converts, and their influence cannot, therefore, be traced to an immediate Catholic education in our Colleges. These have done much to preserve the faith or the Catholic consciousness which is its safeguard, but they have not developed any strong leadership among our laity, such as is marked by a distinctly Catholic public spirit. A proof of this is to be found in a certain distinction which has been, until recently, often made between bishops or priests and laymen when there was question of marshalling some common public interest. The laity were

kept in the background as if their position debarred them from the right of organizing and commanding, whereas these qualities are in nowise dependent on Sacred Orders, although the latter usually presuppose some ability of leadership.

But the lack of a widespread and consistent influence, such as is supposed to derive from Catholic higher education in proportion to our supposed efforts through collegiate training for boys, is most apparent in Catholic literature. The standard of American Catholic products, by which we feed the intellects of our young men, is both commonplace and meagre in the extreme. Not only are we lacking in American college-bred writers, whose tone, power, breadth, and elevation compares favorably with a similar class of men in Europe, but we are proportionately far below non-Catholics of our own country in this respect. If there were any doubt as to the writers, the average quality of literature read amongst us would convince the most skeptic. With a few notable exceptions, which do hardly count in the balance, our best things are written not only by, but for, women, which means that the higher education is restricted to them. And this is due to the efficiency of our Convent Schools, which, taken altogether, have maintained a higher aim than the schools for boys. Neither our magazine literature, nor our newspapers appeal, as a rule, to an intellectual or an educated class of readers, and it is considered a venture to make attempts at placing in the field anything that approaches the high-class magazines which find a ready support among educated non-Catholics; I mean magazines that deal with ethics, philosophy, fine arts, or higher science, from the Protestant or infidel point of view. The few men who made efforts in this direction, men like Brownson, were not popular; their readers were scarcely American Catholics, and few young men, graduated from our colleges, could be interested in such reading to-day, which means that they have not been trained to develop a taste for anything of the sort.

These things are facts, not censures; for the reasons are obvious enough. But we aim at something better, and the unification of college-systems with Catholic principles of education, and a Catholic atmosphere as prerequisites of proper coördination, is recognized as a necessity demanding present attention.

On what lines is such unification to be begun? The representatives of the Association of Catholic Colleges, at their last meeting, answered the question by referring to the necessity of commonly recognized grading, and in particular to demand for uniform entrance

conditions in college departments awarding definite degrees. The critical and somewhat instructive moment of the discussion, however, at that meeting, is probably contained in the answer to a question proposed by one of the professors: How are we going to establish any rule? The reply was:

"With regard to what Dr. R. has said I would ask, what can we do? We are here not as a practical body; there is no authority that can impose any line of action upon us. Our business is to hear views with regard to any single department of study and then we shall each make the application as best we can. The great advantage is unification, and how disagreeable it is to have this unification constantly in disagreement. But it must be left to each one of us to work out our problems in our own way, after hearing the experiences of others. I don't see that we can do anything except what each college may choose to select, because there is no authority to impose anything on us."

Here lies the difficulty. The College authorities recognize no common authority which could determine their purely scholastic activity as it is determined by State authority in nearly every case where we have really efficient systems of instruction. On the other hand each College has its individual interests, its struggles for maintenance, which means in most cases an accommodative system that would attract boys to fill the departments rather than brains to be filled with knowledge. Anyone who carefully examines the various catalogues of our colleges will be impressed with the fact that the advertising of the College curriculum is often something apart from the curriculum of actual studies pursued in these institutions. That this imputation does not apply to all or even the majority of our Catholic Colleges, may be easily admitted, but the need of a higher standard remains in the aggregate. It could be met by a system of unification which is not confined to discussions however profitable these may be, but by legislation, by a method of visitation or intercollegiate examinations on the basis of what the programmes of our college-catalogues propose to offer. We do not, and the time may come when, as in European States, we may not, object to obligatory public examinations by civil boards. Why should it be impossible to have a similar institution, under the auspices of a recognized University System and authority distinctly Catholic? Such methods are efficient, and until we take hold of them we shall have to face the competition of liberal-minded Institutions that are not Catholic but which open their halls to Catholic students. The University of Virginia, whose bulletins we have placed aside of the yearbooks

of our Catholic Colleges at the head of this review, states: "Morality and religion are recognized as the foundation and indispensable concomitants of education. Great efforts are made to surround the students with religious influences. Divine service (entirely voluntary) is conducted twice on Sunday in the University Chapel by clergymen invited from the principal religious denominations." "Integrity and a sacred regard for truth" are among the natural virtues upon which institutions like these lay special stress, whilst they offer every advantage of intellectual and physical discipline. Many Catholic students are attracted by these programmes who, if all our colleges represented one grand University System, not merely in name by affiliation, but in reality, being controlled by a common Board of Visitors or Examiners, would recognize therein a prestige which can not be denied. At present each college stands on the reputation given it by its special advocates, by alumni associations and by devices which give in themselves no more guarantee of solidity than any well advertised company. But the subject is too large for a cursory review and demands attention separately in its various phases.

LATIN HYMNS, with English Notes. For use in Schools and Colleges. By F. S. March, LL.D., Professor in Lafayette College. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Co. Pp. 333.

The American Book Company has taken over on its list of publications, among other valuable books of the old firm of Harper and Brothers, this edition of Latin Hymns. The growing appreciation of Catholic liturgical hymns, incident upon the proposed restoration of Latin chant in our churches, makes a book of this kind particularly desirable at this time. We have not quite anything like this collection for our students of Latin, although there exists a modern Italian edition of excerpts from the Christian poets, compiled by the late Professor Vallauri and containing selections from Juvencus, Lactantius, Victorinus, Hilary, Ausonius, Paulinus, Ambrose, Severus, and Prudentius. Similar collections are found among the French school edition of the Christian classics procured by Mgr. Gaume years ago. But they are not only poorly printed, but they require the interpretation of the Italian and French notes. Professor March has made an excellent and fairly representative collection which has stood the test of a sufficiently long criticism to approve itself to every Christian teacher who can appreciate the value of these beautiful productions of ages when faith and love of the beautiful were twin characteristics of

the leading European scholars. The notes are brief and to the point, and give the student sufficient insight into the productive genius of these hymns by references to their origin and historic setting, to make their reading a factor in the formation of a taste for cultivating the nobler Latin muse. The only thing that will jar upon the Catholic mind conscious that these flowers are due to the sowing and caretaking of the Latin Church, in whose Liturgy alone they did survive, is the repeated and really needless reference in the notes to the services of the Church of England. This is all the more irritating if we remember that the Reformation of Henry VIII and his immediate successors made the first attempts to destroy these beautiful remnants of a sacred service which could hardly have survived if the Latin tongue had not been and remained the constant medium of interpretation between the mother Church of Rome and her newly converted children in the North. The slender reminders of the old truth suggested by the Anglican ritual may serve to admonish members of the English Church what they have lost; but to Catholic students it must seem like mockery to refer them to such sources of comparison, that is if the book in its present form is intended for Catholic Colleges.

THE NEW CENTURY CATHOLIC READERS. (Third and Fourth.) New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 247 and 344.

When, last year, we directed attention to the first and second parts of these graded Readers for our Parochial Schools, we laid stress upon their exceptional merit in point of typography and illustrations, since these elements play a most important part in forming permanent impressions upon the mind of the child. The two new volumes issued for the use of the higher grades in the schoolroom are an added improvement, which we believe will commend these books to every teacher capable of realizing the merits and importance of such work.

School-books, and particularly the class-manuals which are constantly in the hands of the child for a number of years during the formative period of its life, should, we do not hesitate to assert, be the very best that the printer's art can devise; and it is a mistaken economy to look mainly for cheap and hence usually inferior material in providing the instruments of the child's early training. The publisher must take some risk if he be mindful of this principle; and unless he is so, he has no right to lay claim to the title of Catholic in the religious sense of the word. It falls, however, to the duty of the princi-

pals of our schools to demonstrate their conviction that they demand the best because they cannot educate with deficient tools any more than a sculptor can produce the ideal in his mind without proper instruments no matter how noble his genius or how excellent the block which he carves. The Benzigers have made deliberately a step forward in this respect. These two "Readers" are superior even to the two first grades of last year, in everything that concerns the mechanical execution, such as fine new type, accurate accentuation, clean printing, good paper, really attractive pictures, especially good colored selections. The disposition of the matter and the choice of compositions are equally to be commended, although we would rather see Hall Caine's name omitted from a book for the modelling of young people's character, since, whatever merit that author may be allowed to have in some respects, his standard of moral excellence is not uniform nor of such high type as to make him worthy of our innocent children's familiar society. There is time enough for them to learn to admire literary genius of the modern type, when they have strengthened convictions and trained judgment to appreciate the fact that a piece of work may be admired without admiring the author. In early education that distinction is not easily observed, and thus the ignoring of it by the teacher carries with it some defect of method. But even in this respect the New Century Readers are remarkably free from blemish when compared (carefully) with the standard of manuals with which we have, generally speaking, been content, ever since the new pedagogy has come in. There is every prospect that the text-books for Catholic Schools will in general follow the standard set up by these "Readers."

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Adventures of Buffalo Bill: W. S. Cody. *Harper*. $0.60.

The stories in this book are undoubtedly true, but they are written in the same style as the vicious tales of Indian fighting, and by no means show the best side of the author. The account of his show is lively, harmless, and interesting. [Eight to twelve.]

Among English Inns: Josephine Tozier. *Page*. $1.60 *net*.

Descriptions of a little group of interesting places, so situated that they can be visited in a fortnight, the traveller lodging each night at a characteristic English inn. The volume is illustrated with new photographs taken by the author, and is written in a cheerfully instructive style.

As a Chinaman Saw Us: Anonymous. *Appleton*. $1.25 *net*.

Letters following the model of "The Citizen of the World," and justly condemning many American follies and weaknesses, sharply attacking the theory of universal equality, asserting the original injudiciousness of giving a vote to the freedman, and pointing out the possible dangers arising from the presence of his descendants in a country nominally held by white men. The book seems written with an eye to influencing the Presidential election.

Byways of Braithe: Frances Powell. *Scribner*. $1.50.

An extraordinarily selfish man effects a marriage between his good daughter and a rich man, and his bad daughter and her husband, a professional thief, attempt to make their profit from the arrangement. The story is purely melo-dramatic, without an atom of serious purpose, and the villains are much too elaborately blackened.

Crecy: Edith Lawrence. *Buckles*. $1.50.

A series of letters relate the history of a family of Pennsylvania

Quakers during the winter of 1776–7, and of their kinswoman, the madcap heroine, who, although engaged to her Quaker cousin, loses her heart to a British officer, and, after taunting the cousin into enlisting with the Americans, marries the foeman, who is discovered to be the son of a rich peer. The anachronisms of speech are many, and the whole story is theatrical.

Crossing: Winston Churchill. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The hero, a Scottish orphan with a triple measure of Scottish keenness, accompanies the George Rogers Clark expedition as drummer boy, and gives a long account of it, and a briefer history of the sad later years of Clark's life, and of his connection with treasonable schemes. All the fictitious personages are typical characters, and the historical interest is uniformly paramount from beginning to end.

Day before Yesterday: S. F. Shafer. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

An amusing story of a wonderfully mischievous Virginian child and of the life she led her brother and sister and elders. Her naughtiness was invariably punished and her example is perfectly harmless to children, and the description of child life in a small American town, about 1870, is charming. It is possible that a very young reader might be puzzled and amazed by a description of Communion in both kinds in a Protestant church, but no adult reader is likely to be offended by it.

Forest Drama: Louis Pendleton. *Coates.* $1.50.

A story of the Canadian woods, an English girl, her French lover, and the entirely unrepentant retired burglar who kidnaps her. The author's style is so good as to veil the improbabilities of a plot that is nowhere impossible.

Givers: M. E. W. Freeman. *Harper.* $1.50.

Short stories, some exhibiting accurate observation and complete lack of sympathy, others based upon fancy and poorly simulating sentiment.

Love among the Ruins: Warwick Deeping. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The heroine, wandering with a single ancient serving-man, and bemoaning the destruction of her home and the death of her kinsmen, meets a strange knight who by stratagem wins her to take the part of saintly leader to certain revolting peasants, but she loves and marries his sworn enemy. The tale is encumbered with an immense array of obsolete terms of military equipage and manœuvre, and is exceedingly affected.

Mother of Pauline: L. Parry Truscott. $1.50.

The heroine and her husband are represented as virtually demanding that they, being remorseful for their detected prematrimonial sin, shall be treated rather better by society than the truly repentant sinner is treated by the angels, according to Scripture, for they demand not only

rejoicing, but complete forgetfulness of their fault. Society declines, and they call names.

Motor Pirate: G. Sidney Paternoster. *Page.* $1.50.

This is a detective story, in which the criminal is a highway robber, who appears at widely separated points at incredibly short intervals; it is related with much spirit, and King Edward is audaciously introduced as one of the robber's victims.

New England in Letters: Rufus Rockwell Wilson. *Wessels.* $1.50.

Brief accounts of the authors who have been born, or have lived in New England, are woven into chapters arranged by locality. There is very little gossip in the book; its plan makes it as useful for a guide as for a manual for literary reference; and it has good, colored pictures.

Olive Latham: E. Voynich. *Lippincott.* $1.50.

An English girl, discontented with common-place life, first becomes a nurse, and then allies herself with Russian agitators. Her experience in Russian prisons and hospitals, and among officials who refuse to take a sentimental view of her, nearly drives her mad, and is related in a manner leaving nothing to the imagination, but it does not prevent her from marrying a second agitator. The horror of the story is its most memorable quality.

Peace and the Vices: Anna A. Rogers. *Scribner.* $1.50.

The case of a man with an inherited and apparently incurable appetite for intoxicating liquor, is the central interest of the story, of which the scene is laid partly in Japan, and partly in the United States. An amusing love story, and the vagaries of an intensely silly woman serve to lighten the tale, which ends happily. All the male characters, the villain excepted, are American naval officers.

Queen's Quair: Maurice Hewlett. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The story of Mary Queen of Scots is so related that she appears as Bothwell's puppet almost from the first moment of meeting with him; as infatuated with Darnley until his clownishness taught her hatred, and always as profoundly ignorant of her kingdom and people. The religious question is hardly touched, except by quoting Knox who is represented as loving Mary, and the story is prolonged by infinite affectations.

Sandhiller: Malvina Sarah Waring. *Neale.* $1.50.

The daughter of a "poor white," being adopted by a rich woman is sought in marriage first by her guardian's nephew whose mother separates him from her, then by a scapegrace whom she reforms, but who leaves her when told that she has negro blood, and lastly by a Northern man who is indifferent to her "poor white" blood, and careless of her real ancestry which is found to be very good.

Singular Miss Smith: Florence Morse Kingsley. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

Miss Smith's singularity consists in refusing to accept the judgment of her club as infallible, and endeavoring to ascertain for herself why domestic service is unbeloved of poor girls. She enters it herself in order to learn the truth, meets a college professor playing workingman for similar reasons, and after their betrothal informs him that she is rich. The book is written to amuse, not to argue, and incidentally to ridicule the woman's club.

Story of the Red Cross: Clara Barton. *Appleton.* $1.25 *net.*

A simple narrative of the author's work during the quarter of a century in which she conducted the branch of the Red Cross founded by her efforts, and carried on with capital lent by her. It is a wonderful tale, related with no art but with much power, and it abounds in good stories.

To-Morrow? Victoria Cross. *Scott.* $1.50.

The hero, being determined not to marry until he is a successful author, keeps his betrothed in suspense for years, until her power as an artist is completely blighted, and weds at last, only to have her die a few hours after the bridal ceremony. The author so treats this theme as to make the book unsuitable for a girl's reading.

Uncle Bob and Aunt Becky's Strange Adventures at the World's Exposition: Herschel Williams. *Laird.* $1.50.

The ancient conventionalized American rustics pass through the ancient round of adventures in the ancient way, having learned nothing in fifty years of "world's fairs."

Woman Errant: Anonymous. *Doubleday.* $1.50.

The author's intention is to discourage the woman who wanders from home in search of employment, neglecting the duties there awaiting performance. Many of the characters in the story have appeared in the author's "People of the Whirlpool," but all are subordinated to the purpose mentioned.

Literary Chat.

While Lever, Lover and Carleton, Jane Barlow, Emily Lawless and the authors of *The Real Charlotte* have dealt with the peasantry and the "squirearchy" in Irish life, few, if any, have studied the dwellers in our small towns, the shopkeepers and minor professional men, whose sons become for the most part factors in the leading of their people; and although the lives of these men may be less picturesque than the classes that rank above and below them, they exercise a far greater influence in the home country. This is the sphere in which Charlotte O'Conor Eccles is making a reputation for herself. We just learn that Cassel and Co. have accepted for publication the series of Toomevara Chronicles of which we have given our readers some samples.

The English papers lately announced that the Anglican Bishop of London had proposed to the city authorities the advisability of abolishing the title (and converting to secular uses the property) of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Aldermanbury. There are certain things connected with the church which ought to preserve it as a monument not only of Catholic times—for which the Bishop of London may not feel much sympathy—but of some artistic and literary celebrities. Christopher Wren restored it after the great fire, in 1667. Besides this fact there may be found in the little churchyard in which the edifice stands the only memorial to Shakespeare which the city possesses. A bust of the poet forms the central figure of a memorial to Henry Condell and John Heminge, the editors of the *Folio* of 1623, both of whom were buried in the church.

Here was also buried the body of the notorious Judge Jeffreys after it was brought from the Tower. Milton's second wife, Catharine Woodcocke, whose marriage is recorded in the register for 1656, is also buried here. The author of *Paradise Lost* lies not far away, in St. Giles', Cripplegate.

Few books dealing with general Christian ethics have had such lasting success as Dr. Smiles' *Self-Help*, published first in 1859 by John Murray. The story goes that the first publisher to whom Mr. Smiles had sent the book replied that he might get it back whenever he came for it: "You will find the manuscript on my counter whenever you like to call for it. People won't read anything of this kind; they want books about fighting and all that sort of thing." The story goes that when *Self-Help* was an acknowledged success, the author and this publisher met. "Why didn't you bring the book to us? We would have treated you like a prince," said the publisher. "Well, I did give you the offer of it," said Mr. Smiles, gently.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff gives the following amusing account of a visit which Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson) paid to Cardinal Manning to ask whether she might be married in a hat. That weighty matter having been settled, he said: "I have been writing something about the stage, to which I want you to

listen. If there is anything with which you do not agree, pray stop me." Very soon there came an outrageously strong condemnation of theatres and their influence. "Stop," she said, and protested. It transpired, in the course of conversation which ensued, that Manning had been only once at a theatre in his life.

Miss Mallock, sister of the famous author of *Is Life Worth Living*, and a convert, is at present in Ireland, interested in the organization of the Catholic "School of Domestic Economy" referred to in Professor Stockley's article on Convent Education. This school has been planned upon the model establishment of the Countess Zamoyska described by Miss Mallock in these pages two years ago, and since then in a volume published in England.

Among the works recently placed on the Index is M. Albert Houtin's *l'Americanisme*. The book bears all the traces of an inspired attempt to restate, and perhaps revive, the controversy of some years ago; but as such it has evidently failed to make any impression among American Catholics. It has nothing good to say of the Jesuits, but is extravagant in its praise of some distinguished clerical actors to whom we have to listen—at least for the time being.

Volume XIII of the *Catalogue General des Antiquités Égyptiennes du Musée du Caire* completes the account of "Greek Sculpture" by C. C. Edgar, begun in the last volume on *Greek Moulds*. The collection contains among other things most valuable material for the archæology of the early Christian history of Egypt. This is particularly true of Prof. W. Bock's reproductions of Coptic monuments in the Nile valley.

The Art and Book Company (London) publishes some sonnets and other verses by Mrs. Shapcote, under the title *Immaculata*, "The Pearl of Great Price," which is only a portion of a larger work to come out, it is hoped, for the Jubilee of Our Blessed Lady in December. The lines are replete with allusions to the Sacred Scripture, which give them a unique value. Here is a sample taken from a group entitled "Mary the Seat of Wisdom" under the third caption.

VAS SPIRITUALE.

Thus thrills her voice Creation through, that she
May wake the echo of her Jubilee
For ever and for ever. 'Tis a note
Struck by the Incarnation, and the Word
Of God rings in it. Wisdom makes it heard
Who made that it should be divinely wrote.
Withal her strain grows plaintive. Pleadingly
Wisdom she teaches to the passer-by—
Oh ye who are athirst, come take your fill![1]
Come, drink of me;[2] an aqueduct am I
From the Creator's Fountains. Mightily[3]
Down flow my streams through His exhaustless skill.
Come then, ye poor! come, share His grace with me—
God in the Flesh with us!—unchangingly.

[1] Ecclus. 24: 26. [2] *Ib.* 5: 41. [3] *Ib.* 42: 43.

Of Fremdling's recently published volume entitled *Father Clancy* (Duckworth & Co., London) the *Month* has this to say: "As a description of a priest's work among the poor in an Irish provincial town and its neighborhood, it is a vulgar caricature. More gravely objectionable are the chapters in which the reader is introduced to the peculiar ways of Fathers Griffin and O'Keefe, the less approachable of the three clergymen who minister in the parish chapel of St. Vincent's, Leetown." Yet the book was evidently put on the market with a view to engage the Catholic reader in its purchase.

Miss L. I. Guiney, who lives at present in Oxford, England, within the shadows of the famous University, is engaged upon a study of St. Edward, the Confessor, which is soon to be published in THE DOLPHIN.

THE DOLPHIN has secured the publication of Miss Hickey's *Lois*, which was announced some time ago. The novel will appear in serial before being issued in bookform. It recalls the high-class writing of Madame Craven and Lady Fullerton, and is the story of a conversion which evidently suggests much of the inner life of the gifted poet.

The *Letters and Memorials* of Cardinal Allen contain a rather interesting account of the Scriptural studies pursued by the students in the English College in Rome at the time of the so-called Reformation. A Latin letter dated September 16, 1578, contains the following passage:

"Since it is of great consequence that they (the students) should be familiar with the text of Holy Scripture and its more approved meanings, and have at their finger ends all those passages which are correctly used by Catholics in support of our faith, or impiously misused by heretics in opposition to the Church's faith, we provide for them, as a means by which they may gain this power, a daily lecture in the New Testament in which the exact and genuine sense of the words is briefly dictated to them. Every day at table after dinner and supper, they hear a running explanation of one chapter of the Old and another of the New Testament. At suitable times they take down from dictation, with reference to the controversies of the present day, all those passages of Holy Scripture which either make for Catholics, or are distorted by heretics, together with short notes concerning the argument to be drawn from the one, and the answers to be made to the other. . . . It is usual to read at table four or at least three chapters at a time . . . Each one reads over these chapters beforehand privately in his own room, and likewise the chapters which are expounded daily at the end of dinner and supper.

"Those who are able," continues the letter, "to do so, read them in the original. In this way the Old Testament is gone through twelve times every three years or thereabouts. The New Testament is read through sixteen times in the same period. . . . They are also taught successively Greek and Hebrew, so far as is required to read and understand the Scriptures of both Testaments in the original." Thus quotes the Protestant divine, Dr. Carleton. It does not sound as if Catholics had such an awful horror of the Bible as we are made to think when reading Protestant tracts.

The public press calls attention to the reprint of the famous "New Discovery" by the Flemish monk Louis Hennepin, who wrote toward the end of the seven-

teenth century. Mr. Thwaites, who edits the volume (McClurg & Co.) subjects his hero to a rather sharp though not illnatured critique, making him out a sort of waggish *raconteur* who does not hesitate to add to or alter his account according as imagination suggests. This we may believe to be true; nor is it much to be wondered at when we remember the character of Friar Hennepin. He had indeed entered a religious community, and retained the monastic garb in his journeys with Lasalle; but he did not retain his status as a monk in the order, and was really disowned by his superiors, though his genial disposition which made him a sort of Father Prout, gave to his separation from the community a less serious character than is usually attached to such acts. He himself persisted in signing his letters as missionary and recollect, and claimed the title of apostolic notary.

Fr. Hennepin's first published work was a Description of Louisiana (nouvellement decouverte au sud-ouest de la nouvelle France), in which he describes the savage customs of the natives. It was written much in the style of the Abbé Huc's book of travels in Tartary, and translated at once into Italian and German. Later he published *Nouvelle découverte d'un très-grand pays situé dans l'Amerique* (Utrecht, 1697), which is the basis of Mr. Thwaites' account, and to which the author in the following year added a further description with the story of Lasalle's enterprises. A Catholic publisher would have omitted the title of "Father" from the author's name, for Friar Hennepin did not much figure as a priest except during the early part of his career when he was army-chaplain in Holland. But we can understand why much is made of the missionary title by those who see in sensation the elements of successful business enterprise.

Browne & Nolan (Dublin) are publishers of a Mass in honor of St. Brigid, by Professor Seymour, which approves itself for two reasons. It is written for two equal or unequal voices, and is founded on the Gregorian theme. This means that it can be used by children—soprano and alto—and by men's choirs, or men's and boy's choirs—tenor and bass, or soprano and baritone—as well as in religious communities. The Mass is not only easy, but tuneful and earnest, such as befits the divine service.

Professor Grattan-Flood, whose *History of Irish Music*, nearly ready from press, is sure to be a notable event in the musical world, has in preparation a series of papers for THE DOLPHIN on early Irish liturgical manuscripts in musical setting. These lead us back to the standard of singing in harmony with the rules laid down by the Sovereign Pontiff, in his recent "Proprio Motu" on Gregorian chant.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

PRAYER-BOOK FOR RELIGIOUS. A Complete Manual of Prayers and Devotions for the Use of the Members of All Religious Communities. A Practical Guide to the Particular Examen and to the Methods of Meditation. By Rev. F. X. Lasance, Author of "Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle," "The Sacred Heart Book," "Mass Devotions," etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1904. Pp. 1155. Price, $1.50.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: *Catholicism and Reason.* An Essay by the Hon. Henry C. Dillon, Los Angeles, Cal. *The Catholic Church in Japan.* By the Rev. Dr. Casartelli. Price, $0.10 each.

DAS DECRET DES PAPSTES INNOCENZ XI UEBER DEN PROBABILISMUS. Beitrag zur Geschichte des Probabilismus und zur Rechtfertigung der katholischen Moral gegen Döllinger-Reusch, Harnack, Herrmann und Hoensbroech. Von Franz Ter Haar, aus dem Redemptoristenorden. Mit kirchlicher Druckerlaubniss. Paderborn: Verlag von Ferdinand Schöningh. 1904. Pp. 198. Price, $0.75 *net.*

DER DIENST DES MESSNERS. Von Christian Kunz, Präfekt am bischöflichen Klerikalseminar zu Regensburg. Mit oberhirtlicher Genehmigung. Rom, Neu York und Cincinnati: Druck und Verlag von Friedrich Pustet. 1904. Pp. 144.

THE LAND OF THE ROSARY. Scenes of the Rosary Mysteries. By Sara H. Dunn. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. 209. Price, $1.10 *net.*

HISTORICAL.

"OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES." By the Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt.D., President of the Roman Catholic High School, Philadelphia. Reprinted with permission from *The Records of the American Catholic Historical Society* of Philadelphia, March and June, 1901. (Educational Briefs, No. 7: July, 1904.) Pp. 58.

THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN FRANCE. By Count Albert de Mun. Member of the French Academy; Member of the Chamber of Deputies. San Francisco: Catholic Truth Society. Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 55.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Helen Keller. With Her Letters (1887–1901) and a Supplementary Account of her Education, including Passages from the Reports and Letters of her Teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan. By John Albert Macy. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page Co. 1904. Pp. 441.

THE OFFICE OF JUSTICE OF THE PEACE IN ENGLAND IN ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT. By Charles Austin Beard, Ph.D., George William Curtis Fellow. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1904. Pp. 184. (Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.)

EDUCATIONAL.

THE THIRD READER (The New Century Catholic Series). New York, Cincinnati, Chicago; Benziger Bros. Pp. 247. Price, $0.38, wholesale.

THE FOURTH READER (The New Century Catholic Series). New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. Pp. 344. Price, $0.50, wholesale.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF A NEW YORK CITY BLOCK. By Thomas Jesse Jones, B.D., Ph.D. Sometime University Fellow in Sociology; Head of Department of Sociology and History, Hampton Institute. New York: The Columbia University Press. Pp. 133. (Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.)

THE EDUCATIONAL THEORY OF IMMANUEL KANT. Translated and Edited with an Introduction by Edward Franklin Buchner, Ph.D., (Yale) Professor of Philosophy and Education in the University of Alabama. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904. Pp. xvi –309.

LATIN HYMNS, WITH ENGLISH NOTES. For Use in Schools and Colleges. By F. A. March, LL.D., Professor of Comparative Philology in Lafayette College. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company. Pp. 333.

LE NÉO-CRITICISME DE CHARLES RENOUVIER. Théorie de la Connaissance et de la Certitude. Par E. Janssens, Docteur en droit, Docteur en philosophie. Bibliothèque de l'Institut Superieur de philosophie. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1904. Pp. viii—318. Prix, 3 fr. 50c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN MANY LANDS. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. Author of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," "Life of Catherine McAuley," "Essays Educational and Historic," etc. New York: O'Shea and Company. 1904. Pp. 460.